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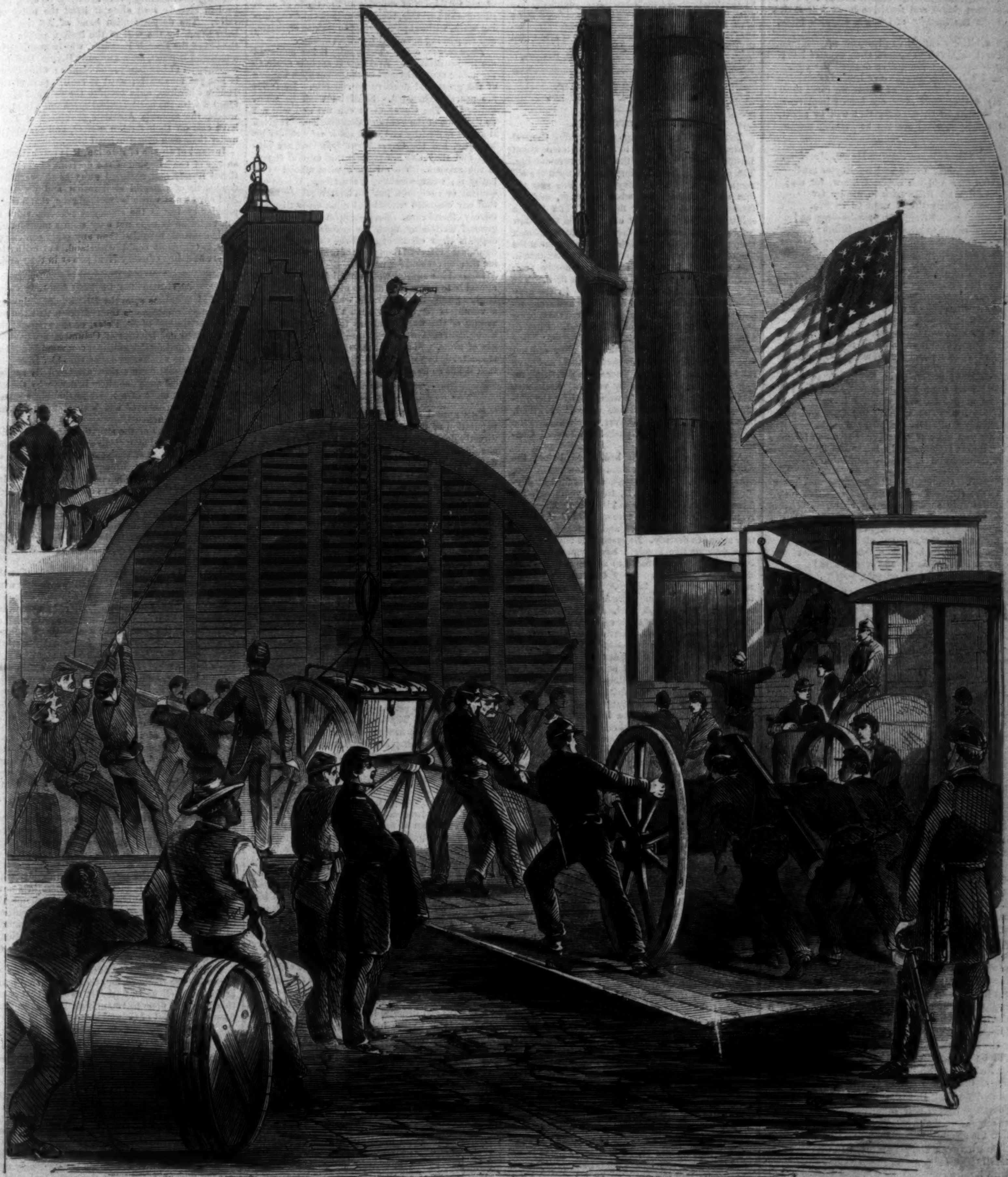


SHIPPING ARTILLERY AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 255.]

A SOLDIER'S LETTER, AND A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

Hospital, *April* —.

I write with a great deal of pain, dear girl—
I've not been able before since the fight—
And my brain is still so much in a whirl,
That I can tell you but little to-night.
I'm wounded!—don't start—'tis not very bad,
Or at least it might be worse; so I said,
When I thought of you, "I'm sure she'll be glad
To know that I'm only wounded—not dead."

I've lost my left arm—there! now you know all!
A Minié ball shattered it, and I fell;
The last that I heard was our Captain's call,
Until—the rest is too painful to tell.
I've had throughout the most excellent care,
And am doing finely, the surgeon says;
So well, indeed, that the prospect is fair
For a homeward trip before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say,
And I'd say it if it cost me my life;
I've thought of it well—there's no other way—
You're released from your promise to be my wife!
You'll think me foolish at first; then you'll think
Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side;
And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink
From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,
For I've loved you more than ever of late;
But down to its dregs I've drained the cup,
And I'm calm, though my heart is desolate.
I'm coming home, and of course we must meet;
My darling, this once, one boon I implore—
Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,
Since now, alas! we can be nothing more.

Sweet Home, *April* —.

My Robert, how brave and noble you are!
Too brave and too noble, I know, for me;
But you've too little faith in me by far
If you believe that I want to be free.
I'm not released from my promise—no, no!
'Twas never so sacred to me before;
If you could but know how I've longed to go
And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list,
But the tears froze back that sprang to my eye;
And a fearful pain, that I could not resist,
Crushed my heart till I only longed to die.
The blessed tears, by-and-by, came again,
And I felt, as you in your letter said,
A feeling of gladness, 'mid all my pain,
That Robert was only wounded—not dead.

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,
And I all these long, weary miles away;
You've needed me very often, I know,
While I could do nothing but hope and pray.
But hardest of all is the bitter thought
That you have been suffering so much for me;
Poor Robert! your manly letter has brought
A strange melange of joy and misery.

But you're coming home to my arms and heart:
You're right—I *am* proud and sensitive too;
But I'm only so when we are apart,
And now—I shall only be proud of you!
You're coming home to happiness and rest,
And I wait the moment of blissful calm,
When I shall be held to a Soldier's breast
By a Patriot-Hero's one strong arm!

Blackstone, Mass., *April*, 1862.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 19, 1862.

ON TO RICHMOND!

It is at last safe to say in print what every one has been whispering to his neighbor for some days past—that M'Clellan has started on his march to Richmond. The military censor at Washington permits us to publish the fact that Major-General M'Clellan started from Old Point Comfort at the head of his army on 4th, and that on 7th he was before Yorktown. By the time this paper reaches the public eye he may be nearer the rebel capital than will be pleasant for the traitors. There is no force in the insurgent States which can delay his progress more than a few hours.

The keys of the so-called Confederate States are Richmond and New Orleans. When we have taken these our task will be done. It is idle to suppose, as some weak-minded or evil-intentioned persons do, that the rebels will go on forever resisting after the struggle has become hopeless. Four millions of white people, holding three millions of slaves, can not live in mountain fastnesses, eating sweet potatoes. They will want boots and breeches by-and-by, and if they can not get them except by submitting, they will submit. If Marion had had a hundred thousand men, besides women and children, to take care of, he never could have lived in the swamps and harassed the British. There will be Marions now—Captain John Morgan, for instance—who will flourish as partisan leaders, slave-holding Robin Hoods, until they are hunted down. But the rank and file of the Southern people will submit and become loyal as soon as we make it perfectly apparent to them that the struggle is hopeless, and that they must choose between starvation, with the dangers of servile insurrections, on the one side, and plenty with loyalty on the other. There always comes a period when the *argumentum ad ventrem* is irresistible even with the most obstinate and pugnacious animals.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SUMTER.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 a large allegorical picture representing the Uprising of the North, after the Bombardment of Fort Sumter. Thus we commemorate the anniversary of that momentous and fatal day. The artist writes us the following note explanatory of his picture:

> *To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*
>
> Dear Sir,—In my design of the "Uprising of the North" I have endeavored to illustrate the Union sentiment and love of country developed throughout the Free States immediately after the first shot at Fort Sumter.
>
> Fort Sumter is seen in flames, the fire of smoke and battle rises and partly obscures the "Capitol," symbolizing the dark days just one year ago; the farmer leaves the plow in the furrow, the blacksmith his anvil. On the hills eastward rises Bunker Hill Monument, linking the patriotism of our fathers with that of the sons; the coming sunlight dissipates the mists of compromise; and the cheerful light contrasts with the portentous darkness on the Southern horizon.
>
> The hardy sons of New England swarm over the hills, joining their brothers of the Middle States—swelling, as they meet, the mighty current setting in from the far-off States of the Pacific and glorious West—bearing aloft in irrepressible might the Stars and Stripes in defense of Liberty and the Union! etc., etc. Very truly yours,
>
> C. Parsons.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NINETEENTH APRIL.

Eighty-seven years ago this morning General Warren sent Paul Revere to rouse the towns about Boston with the news that the British were moving. The patriots in Boston hung lanterns upon the old north spire, and the country people who saw the dim steady light knew what it meant, and the farmers took down their muskets. The British soldiers marched steadily out, but the news flew before them through the darkness, and Middlesex County lay awake that night. At early dawn the file of troops reached the village of Lexington. The church bell rang a strange, untimely peal. Drums were beaten and alarm guns fired. The citizens assembled upon the green. In the gray morning light they nerved each other and stood together in sight of their homes. The red coats came running at the double-quick and halted. Pitcairn fiercely summoned the citizens to disperse. They stood fast. He threatened them. They did not falter. The officer fired his pistol at them and gave the loud order, "Fire!" There was a rattling response, then a steady, deadly volley. Resistance was useless. A few shots were fired by the citizens, then they retired. Seven of them were killed, nine wounded. It was all over by sunrise, and the huzzaing British troops pushed on toward Concord.

Already the news that had flown before the march had reached and roused the town of Acton, near Concord. The minute-men marched at daybreak, led by Isaac Davis, thirty years old, the father of four children, who kissed his wife gravely, and said, "Take good care of them!" At seven o'clock the British arrived and searched for military stores to destroy. Between nine and ten there were four or five hundred countrymen near the bridge. They had orders to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. They entered the narrow way that led to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks. The Americans advanced running. The British fired. Isaac Davis and a friend fell dead. It was three hours since he had left his wife. "That afternoon he was carried home and laid in her bedroom. His countenance was little altered, and pleasant in death." Buttrick (it is still the honored name of living men in Concord) cried, "Fire, fellow-soldiers, for God's sake fire!" Two of the British fell, and several were wounded. In two minutes the battle of Concord was over, and, as the inscription upon the monument records, "the first of the enemy fell in the war of that Revolution which gave independence to these United States."

It was eighty-seven years ago. Eighty-six years afterward the sons and grandsons of the men of Acton, who had been roused by the ringing bell, as their fathers were, in the dusk of morning—who had gathered upon the village green, and by seven o'clock of the same day were in Boston, marched on the 19th of April through the streets of Baltimore, hastening from their quiet homes and fields to defend the Government which had been secured by that earlier bloodshed. With their friends and neighbors from other towns they were beset in the gloomy streets. Like their fathers, and for the same sacred cause, they stood fast. The pitiless stones around them were not more pitiless than the stony hearts of the foe they fronted. Once more in dire extremity they fired, and two of the heroic band fell, as in the earlier day. The pavement of the city, like the green sod of the Concord valley, was consecrated by their blood. They died, but love, and honor, and deathless renown follow them. Wantonly slain, the fruitful blood of those heroes sprang from the ground in seven hundred thousand armed men, who stand to-day from the Chesapeake to the prairies, from the dark city of death to the utmost point of the Gulf, their embattled brows bright with the light of the good old cause of peaceful liberty, for which brave men gladly die.

History and the love of a nation blend the two centuries in their remembrance of this day. The one the spring-day of our independence, the other of our assured liberty. The first nineteenth of April showed that we could be a nation: the last proved that we are so. For martyr blood is not shed in vain. Justice does not falter, nor the world turn back: and the cause that all Americans naturally love was never so lovely as to-day when this anniversary returns.

FOR THE SOLDIERS.

Hot weather and hot work are coming. The time in which not only the strategy of Generals and the bravery of soldiers, but the health of all our men in the field is to be tested, is at hand. The time also in which our faith at home, our patient endurance of the necessity of labor and sacrifice, must be practically shown, has also arrived. The sanitary care which, by the constant benevolence of all patriotic families throughout the country, administered by the unwearying attention of the Sanitary Commission, has followed our soldiers to the camp, received them from disaster, and soothed them in the final hour, all this must now continue with unrelaxed energy, although the first gush of feeling is gone.

During the last nine months the Commission has spent more than fifty thousand dollars, and has distributed half a million dollars' worth of hospital stores. It has interested the medical profession, has marshaled bands of nurses, has erected an invalid soldiers' home in Washington, has inspired three hundred of the most faithful, intelligent, and practical men in all the States as advisers, has collected statistics of the most valuable character, has organized dépôts of supplies and methods of swift succor—and all this, the most arduous and engrossing work, without pay, subject to jealous criticism, and employing agents at its own expense.

Finis coronat opus. The results it has achieved are its justification. And now it appeals again to the public sympathy and co-operation upon the eve of the great and decisive movements. Its funds are nearly exhausted. Shall its work be relinquished? The Government can not and will not do the work of the Sanitary Commission. It gives it all its sympathy and what aid it may render by the way, but the Government functions are precise, and they can not include this careful regard of the soldiers. We all know what official sympathy is; what, possibly, it must be. We do not quarrel or complain, but we had all rather know that our wounded friends had some other than the merely official care. Besides, upon the health and general well-being, upon the *morale* of the troops depends their efficiency; and the Commission has doubtless preserved thousands of brave men to fight for themselves and for us all.

Shall this essential work languish or fail? The appeal is to every man and to every woman in the land. Surely the same spirit which has marshaled a volunteer force larger than the great standing armies of the world, and has followed them with thoughtful care to the beginning of the actual struggle of arms, will not falter in the moment of extreme trial, but will triumphantly accomplish the task it has so nobly begun.

DEMAGOGY.

The appeal to the prejudice of one part of the population of this country against any other is so directly destructive of social order that the attempt should every where be marked. When a candidate for the Mayoralty appealed, last autumn, to the lowest passions of the unhappy men who haunt grog-shops and live by infamy, he revealed at once his own despair of his cause and the true character of the man whom some respectable citizens, a few years since, publicly besought by letter to stand for Mayor. No sensible man who read those speeches but felt that no civil right whatsoever could be safe in the hands of such a magistrate. He rested his hopes of political success not upon the intelligence of the people, but upon the blind devotion of a crowd of partisans whose passions he sought to inflame. The result of the election showed the popular estimate of the man, and the general appreciation of his course in the canvass.

There are newspapers which are trying the same method in regard to the question of the slaves who are freed by the advance of the army. They strive to excite the meanest hatreds in order to produce anarchy, in which not one class only must inevitably be involved. They represent the free colored people as an utterly idle, worthless, thieving mass of persons. The falsehood of these statements it is useless to controvert, because truth is not the object for which they are urged.

It is instructive, nevertheless, to know, as Senator Wilson said in reply to Senator Davis, of Kentucky, who had condescended to repeat the stories which should only be found in base mouths and treacherous newspapers, that in the District of Columbia the free colored people, although under the hopeless ban of belonging to a hated and enslaved race, support themselves, as a class, by their own thrift, support their churches and schools, care for their sick and dying, bury their dead, and help support schools for the education of white children whence their own are excluded. Could there be a more pitiful spectacle for God and history than a party of intelligent men belonging to a powerful, prosperous, proud nation, of thirty millions of people trying to keep their heel upon four millions of an unfortunate race, and using every kind of mean subterfuge to insure success, instead of considering by what means every man can wisely be lifted into the enjoyment of the rights with which God endowed all men?

Especially in this country, where, if any thing is settled beyond dispute, it is that freedom and not slavery is to be the national policy, and consequently that slavery is to be ended, lawfully and peacefully as all good citizens hope, whoever by venomous appeals seeks to avert the inevitable development of our civilization and common sense, is the enemy of every decent man and honest citizen.

OUR CAUSE.

The historian Bancroft was once asked to what period he proposed to continue his history. His reply was, "Our history is complete down to the formation of the Constitution. Since then our story is that of a political system which is yet in course of experiment." The profound sagacity of the reply is shown by the experience of last year. We are now in the very crisis of the experiment. For our system could not be said to be permanently established until it had suffered the shock of civil war. That shock it is now sustaining, and every sign indicates that the event will prove the intrinsic superiority of the system.

But the London *Times* is of another opinion. The English Foreign Secretary already speaks of us as two Powers; and the *Times* follows his lead by the assertion that the present condition of this country shows that the Union itself is impossible. Such a statement is of course only twaddle, for it is a simple begging of the question. But the *Times* proceeds to some remarkable political generalization, which is as false as it is feeble.

"This is an age of reaction," it says, "for which democracy has to thank itself." And it then illustrates the assertion by the empire in France and the kingdom of Italy, and the offer of a crown to Mexico. But if any fact is established and illustrated by current political history, it is that the consent of the nation is the only sure foundation of the Government. Not only is Louis Napoleon the elected Emperor of the French, but his whole policy shows his deference to the rights and the powers of nationality. Cavour, the great Italian of our day, was not fifty years old when he died, but he had already seen close at hand the unity of Italy. The despotic alien hand of Austria has been lifted, by the will of the Italian people and the aid of the French Emperor, wisely obedient to a national instinct, from Tuscany, Parma, Modena, a great part of Lombardy, and Naples; while Rome is not yet nominally, as it is really, part of the Italian kingdom, only because the political is entangled with the ecclesiastical question. In other words, the separate Austrian provinces of Italy have cast off their foreign master, and are united under their own constitutional king.

Instead of an age of reaction, it is emphatically an age of confirmation of the doctrine of constitutional liberty and national unity as the cardinal conditions of peaceful civilization and progress. And our own struggle is the final proof that a truly popular system is the strongest possible, since it can victoriously cope not only with a more formidable domestic rebellion than any other contemporary government could withstand, but with the covert hostility of every rival power in the world.

ANTI-DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The late debate upon the District emancipation bill suggests once more the reflection that the political patrimony of St. Peter, or the states of the church, and our District of Columbia are equally anomalous and foolish political communities. For as there is no valid reason why the chief Bishop of a church should have a province specially subject to his temporal sway, so there is none why the national Government of a republic should be seated in a little territory of which the inhabitants are virtually disfranchised.

The necessities of the situation and of the case make the national metropolis an unhealthy village, crowded for a part of the year with the officers of Government, with the throngs of official dependents, and inhabited by the diplomatic body. In every other part of the civilized world a diplomatic position carries with it the refinements and delights of the chief city of the country. It is no wonder that Washington, one of the meanest of cities, should be a synonym of dreary exile for a foreigner. To come to America is hard, but to live in Washington—*hoc opus.*

The inevitable consequence is, not only that the District suffers for proper legislative care—for what is the business of all the States is in that direction the interest of none—but the National Government is surrounded by belittling influences. Instead of contact with the great centres of national interest and feeling, such as could be found in the natural capitals—such as the French Government finds in Paris and the English in London—it breathes the air of a village, and talks with the great centres by the telegraph, or the mail, or through committees. The people of other nations might justly fear consolidation and centralization when the seat of government is an immense city—an overshadowing power like that of Paris over France; but the nature of our system obviates such a fear with us. On the other hand, it might be feared that jealousy would arise among the chief cities of the various States; but however large any country may be, and however divided, there will be always a chief city, and that is the natural capital.

It would certainly be difficult to give any better original reason why the capital of the United States should be in a village upon the Potomac, than why the seat of the French Government should be at Pau in the Pyrenees. Tradition, time, and the heavy expense of the establishment in the District are secondary, but influential, considerations now. The costly Capitol, at once a satire and a shame, the other huge and necessary buildings, the political habit of the world which typifies our Government as the Cabinet of Washington, and the national association of the capital with the District, all these are reasons for the present situation.

But when the war is over, and the causes of alienation are removed, and there is national peace in fact as well as in form, let us hope that something may be done to emancipate the Government from the District of Columbia.

A COMMON ERROR.

It may be hardly necessary to warn any person who reads the papers that he must not rely too implicitly upon the report of what happened yesterday, not because of any intention to misrepresent, but of the general difficulty of knowing exactly the facts. But when the report is of something that happened in another country many years ago, when the object of the representation is the gratification of a malignant purpose, and when the vehicle in which it is made is notoriously mercenary and untrustworthy, every reader ought to remember that he is probably reading the grossest falsehoods.

The stories that are usually told of the revolt in St. Domingo are of this latter kind. They are the most stupendous and malicious falsehoods. And as the question is one in which we are all practically interested, it is quite worth while for us to know the facts, which are not accessible except to special study, for the reason that the subject is the occasion of such strong partisan views.

After the French Revolution of 1789 began, St. Domingo was convulsed by civil wars between the whites and the mulattoes, in which the slaves, which belonged to both parties, had for a long time no share, and in which the atrocities committed by the whites, and officially recorded, are beyond belief.

At length the slaves, who saw the whites and mulattoes ferociously fighting, the one party for equal rights, the other for exclusive privilege, revolted and rose. The rising was terrible, but it was not the result of emancipation, for they were not freed; it was the consequence of slavery.

During this anarchy upon the island Spain and England began to contest its possession with France. France was in danger of losing it altogether, when the French Commissioners, in August, 1793, liberated the slaves. In the following June the French Convention confirmed the emancipation. Immediately there was method in the action of the blacks and comparative order. Toussant l'Ouverture at once raised the French standard. The treaty of Basle, in 1795, secured the Spanish part of the island to France. In 1798 Touissant, appointed Commander-in-Chief, drove out the English, recalled the fugitive planters, gave them their old slaves for hired laborers, and the island became once more peaceful, prosperous, and happy, as every state must be where justice is the fundamental law.

In 1802 Napoleon sent a great army to St. Domingo, seized Touissant by treachery, carried him to Europe, where he died in prison among the Jura Mountains, re-established slavery in all the French colonies except St. Domingo, which he wished first to subdue, then to enslave, and in which the "horrors" again broke forth, consequent upon the effort to re-enslave. In 1804, however, the French were finally expelled from the island.

Let it be constantly remembered, then, that "the horrors of St. Domingo" began three years before the slaves were emancipated, and began because they were not liberated. They ceased with freedom, and they revived with the attempt to restore slavery. The truth is precisely the reverse of the common statement. The trouble of insurrection springs from slavery, and not from liberty. This fact is recognized by the laws of all slave communities, which imply that the slaves are natural and probable enemies. In Sparta, long ago, there was a periodical slaughter of the slaves. In all our Slave States to-day the laws respecting colored persons, free or slave, are shocking to humanity but essential to the system.

The point for us all to remember, as men and citizens, is that it is always more dangerous to the public peace to treat men as brutes than as human beings. And although it is perfectly true that, politically speaking, the citizens of one State in this Union have nothing to do with the domestic institutions of the others, yet when those others, instead of confining their institutions to themselves, seek at the point of the sword to impose them upon the nation, the nation, with a commendable and natural regard to its own existence, will certainly take care that henceforth those institutions shall be limited to the States, and that every falsehood told to prevent or perplex that result shall be exposed, and the motives of the utterers of falsehood made plain to the simplest mind.

INFAMY.

There are persons whom no temptation should persuade to emerge from the obscurity into which, by the consent of their country, they have recently or long since fallen; persons whose hopeless fate it is to be pilloried in history; since history must name them, and can only name with scorn. They are persons who for no merit, but from the very obscurity of mediocrity, have been raised to high public positions, despised by those whose tools they were, and shunned by those who resisted their bad designs. They stand conspicuous, as a man upon the gallows stands; but they have no love, no respect, no sympathy. No man would be glad to welcome them in his home, nor to call his children by their name. For a few years they may have dazzled the public eye by an inexplicable success; but their career, ended before their lives, deludes no ingenuous youth and allures no noble ambition. Their names become gradually the synonyms of dishonor and contempt. Theirs is a fate so pitiful that whenever they stir obscurity, and remind living men that they are not dead, these men do not willingly mention them, but leave them to the charitable forgetfulness of their contemporaries and the tragical fidelity of history.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOMETHING "IN NUBIBUS."

A short time ago we were distressed to read that Saturn had lost his rings! Whether that steady-going old star had dropped them at one of his periodical Saturnalias, or whether he was obliged to part with them under a temporary financial pressure, our telescopic mind is at a loss to say; but we are sure our readers will rejoice with us at learning that Saturn has got his rings back again. They shine as brilliantly as ever (in fact, many of the diamonds are to the full as big as stars, and sparkle not less lustrously), and from their increased brilliancy we draw the bright reflection that Saturn may probably have only sent his rings to be cleaned; or it may be, since Saturn is the wearer of the belt, and consequently is the Champion of the Celestial Ring, that his love of fair play made him take his rings off, insomuch as he had been challenged to have a round or two with some refractory star, who was out sky-larking. We wish Professor Airey would throw a light on this misty subject, for we are forced to confess that at present it is terribly clouded in obscurity.

Second Sight.—A pair of spectacles.

A Figurative Policeman.—A policeman giving evidence at Bow Street against a woman accused of robbing a pawnbroker, assured the magistrate that, on telling the prisoner the nature of the charge on which he captured her, she "turned away from him and swallowed a bed-tick, a pair of stays, two brass candlesticks, a smoothing-iron, and a bellows!"

Magistrate. "Nonsense! Have you lost your senses?"

Constable. "Your Worship, 'tis the tickets of them, I mane, she swallowed."

The following recipes are said never to fail:

To Destroy Rats.—Catch them, one by one, and flatten their heads in a lemon-squeezer.

To Kill Cockroaches.—Get a pair of heavy boots, then catch your roaches, put them in a barrel, and get in yourself and dance.

To Catch Mice.—On going to bed put crumbs of cheese in your mouth, and lie with it open, and when a mouse's whiskers tickle your mouth, bite.

"This is a grate country," as the poor debtor said when he looked through the bars of his prison.

An exciseman calling at the house of a good-humored landlady at Shrewsbury, she consulted him about some liquor that had been deposited in her cellar without a permit. At the words "without a permit," the exciseman rushed below, and found himself up to the middle in water, which the flooding of the Severn had forced into the cellar.

FRANCE AND MUMBO JUMBO.

Mumbo Jumbo reigns in Rome,
Feared beyond the salt-sea foam,
By his subjects scorned at home:
They laugh at Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo governs there,
Guarded in St. Peter's Chair,
Romans France compels to bear
The yoke of Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo Frenchmen rules
By the help of priestly tools,
For in France too many fools
Believe in Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo frightens France,
Or Napoleon would advance,
And withdraw his countenance
Away from Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo then would flee,
Or in Rome but own a See,
Capital of Italy
Exempt from Mumbo Jumbo.

Miss Jones says that the reason why she preferred the Sewing Machine that she bought is that the best feller in the world is attached to it.

At a representation of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," a young coxcomb hummed so loud certain airs of the opera as to annoy all his neighbors. An amateur, who sat beside him, unable to bear it any longer, said aloud, "What a fool!" "Do you mean me?" said the troublesome fellow to him. "No, Sir, I complain of Mario, who prevents my hearing you."

Hooke had a recipe of his own to prevent being exposed to the night air. "I was very ill," he said, "some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it; so I come up every day to Crockford's, or some other place, to dinner, and I make it a rule on no account to go home again till about four or five o'clock in the morning."

"What is the difference, lovey, between export and transport?" "Well, my duckey, if you were aboard of yonder outward-bound craft, you would be exported—I, transported."

Time is money. How willingly would some exchange it for cash!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, April 1, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to collect evidence in regard to the barbarous treatment of the Union officers and soldiers by the rebels after the battle of Bull Run, and whether the rebels have enlisted Indians in their service. Senator Sumner said it was evident we were in conflict with a people lower in the scale of civilization than ourselves, and he wanted record made for history. The debate on the bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed. Senator Wright spoke in opposition, and Senator Fessenden in favor of the proposition.——In the House, a memorial from the Illinois Constitutional Convention, in favor of the early enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, was referred to the Military Committee. Mr. Hutchins asked leave to introduce a preamble and resolution setting forth that General Hooker, commanding on the Lower Potomac, had issued an order permitting certain slave-owners of Maryland to enter his camp and search for fugitive slaves, and requesting the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire whether such order is not a violation of the Article of War recently passed by Congress, forbidding any officers to return fugitive slaves to their masters. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, objected to the reception of the resolution, and it was therefore not received. The remainder of the session was devoted to discussing the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Colfax moved to strike out the section levying a tax on advertisements; but the committee refused. The section was, however, modified so as to assess the advertisement tax on the amount received for the same instead of the amount charged, while the tax is reduced from five to three per cent.

On Wednesday, April 2, in the Senate, Senator Latham read the correspondence between the Secretary of State and Ex-President Pierce relative to the treasonable designs of the Knights of the Golden Circle. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of War for information as to what fraudulent drafts had been accepted by Floyd while at the head of the War Department, and what amount is now outstanding. The House resolution in favor of extending pecuniary aid to States desirous of emancipating their slaves was then taken up, and, after a brief discussion, adopted by a vote of 32 to 10. The debate on the bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, most of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill, the clauses relative to stamp duties, expresses, and goods entered at custom-houses being under consideration.

On Thursday, April 3, in the Senate, a bill giving twelve months' extra pay to the widow, child, or nearest relative of the officers and seamen of the ships-of-war *Cumberland* and *Congress* was passed. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which lies over, instructing the Military Committee to report what further legislation is necessary to prevent army officers from aiding the return or having control over fugitive slaves, and to punish them therefor. Senator Davis, of Kentucky, offered a resolution declaring "that the war shall not be prosecuted in any spirit of conquest or subjugation, but to defend the Constitution and preserve the rights of the several States unimpaired, and that the United States will prosecute the war until this is secured." This resolution was also laid over. The bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia was then taken up. The substitutes of Senators Clark and Dwight were rejected. A substitute, providing for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, with compensation to their owners, and the submission of the question to the people of the District, was also rejected by a vote of ten yeas to twenty-five nays. The original bill coming up, Senator Collamer, of Vermont, offered an amendment that the owners of persons held to service shall put upon file the name and a description of the person liberated by the bill within twenty days after making a claim for payment, or within such time as the commissioners may limit, under the penalty of forfeiture of the claim, and that the clerks of the Court shall issue certificates of manumission to the persons liberated. The amendment was adopted. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, offered an amendment appropriating $100,000 to aid in the voluntary emigration of the persons liberated by the bill, and other persons of color in the District of Columbia, to Hayti, Liberia, or other country. This was agreed to by a vote of twenty-seven to ten, and the main question being taken, the bill passed by a vote of twenty-nine yeas to fourteen nays. The announcement of the result was received with applause from the galleries.——In the House, the President was requested, if in his opinion not incompatible with the public interests, to communicate any information which may be received at the Department of State showing the system of revenue or finance now existing in any foreign country. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole, the clauses relative to inland insurance, mortgages, stamp duties, the tax on railroad passengers, medicines, and incomes being under consideration. All the sections of the bill have been acted on excepting the two relating to appropriations and allowances and drawbacks.

On Friday, April 4, in the Senate, Senator Hale gave notice of a new rule which he proposed to offer—that during the existing rebellion the majority of the Senate may fix the time when debate on any subject shall cease, and the Senate shall then vote on the question without further discussion. The remainder of the session was devoted to District of Columbia business.——In the House, the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment, offered by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, proposing to tax slaves two dollars per head gave rise to an animated discussion; but it was rejected by a vote of 47 to 62. The bill was then reported to the House by the Committee. The amendments were ordered to be printed.

Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, April 7, in the Senate, the Chairman of the Military Committee made a report authorizing the transfer of the appropriation for fortifications to the building of iron-clad gun-boats. The bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was taken up, and Senator Trumbull made a long speech in its favor. Senator Harris gave notice that he should offer a substitute for the bill, and made some remarks thereon.——In the House, Mr. White offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of nine members to inquire, and report as early as practicable, whether any plan can be proposed and recommended for the gradual emancipation of all the African slaves, and the extinction of slavery in Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri by the people or local authorities thereof, and whether such an object is expedient and desirable; and that they further inquire and report whether the colonization of such emancipated slaves on this continent or elsewhere is necessarily a concomitant of their freedom, and how and what provision should be made therefor; also, that they inquire how far, and in what way, the Government can and ought equitably to facilitate this object; and that they further be authorized, if in their judgment expedient, to extend their inquiries as to the other slaveholding States, and report thereon. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 67 to 59. A resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a new Tariff bill was, on motion of Mr. Stevens, laid on the table by a vote of 88 to 35. A bill establishing a uniform bankrupt law was reported by the Judiciary Committee. The Internal Tax bill was then taken up, and 73 sections passed upon by the House.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ADVANCE.

General M'Clellan advanced with his army from Hampton on 4th April in the direction of Yorktown. On 6th he made a careful examination of the rebel works at Yorktown, and found them to be very strong and the approaches difficult. The water batteries at Yorktown and Gloucester have been considerably increased. It is evident that siege trains and mortars will have to be employed before assaulting the place, and although its capture is certain, a siege of two or three days may be necessary. All the important works before Yorktown have been already taken by our troops, and the greatest enthusiasm prevails among them. Supplies are being rapidly received from Shipping Point, which was taken possession of by our army on Sunday. A dispatch from General Wool states that the rebel General Magruder has 30,000 men at Yorktown.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.

A terrible battle has taken place in the Southwest. A dispatch dated Pittsburg, *via* Fort Henry, April 9, 3.20 a.m. says:

One of the greatest and bloodiest battles of modern days has just closed, resulting in the complete rout of the enemy, who attacked us at daybreak Sunday morning.

The battle lasted without intermission during the entire day and was again renewed on Monday morning, and continued undecided until four o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy commenced their retreat, and are still flying toward Corinth, pursued by a large force of our cavalry.

The slaughter on both sides is immense. We have lost in killed and wounded and missing from eighteen to twenty thousand; that of the enemy is estimated at from thirty-five to forty thousand.

This statement of the loss is probably exaggerated. On Sunday the advantage seems to have been undetermined; but on that evening General Buell arrived with fresh troops, and attacked the enemy at daybreak on Monday 7th. The battle raged fiercely all day. The dispatch above quoted thus describes the victory:

About three o'clock in the afternoon General Grant rode to the left, where the fresh regiments had been ordered, and, finding the rebels wavering, sent a portion of his body guard to the head of each of five regiments, and then ordered a charge across the field, himself leading, as he brandished his sword and waved them on to the crowning victory, while cannon-balls were falling like hail around him.

The men followed with a shout that sounded above the roar and din of the artillery, and the rebels fled in dismay, as from a destroying avalanche, and never made another stand.

General Buell followed the retreating rebels, driving them in splendid style, and by half past five o'clock the whole rebel army was in full retreat to Corinth, with our cavalry in hot pursuit, with what further result is not known, not having returned up to this hour.

We have taken a large amount of their artillery, and also a number of prisoners. We lost a number of our forces (prisoners) yesterday, among whom is General Prentiss. The number of our force taken has not been ascertained yet. It is reported at several hundred. General Prentiss was also reported as being wounded. Among the killed on the rebel side was their General-in-Chief, Albert Sydney Johnston, who was struck by a cannon-ball on the afternoon of Sunday. Of this there is no doubt, as the report is corroborated by several rebel officers taken to-day. It is further reported that General Beauregard had his arm shot off.

THE "MERRIMAC."

The latest intelligence of the position of the *Merrimac* is that she was still taking in coal at the Norfolk Navy-yard on 5th. It was reported that the renowned Captain Hollins was to take command of her. Other reports say that she will be commanded by Commodore Pegram. She has two new guns on board. She will be accompanied by the *Yorktown*, *Teaser*, *Jamestown*, and four other gun-boats. The correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* says of her:

"The *Merrimac* is now in the dry-dock for repairs. Her iron plates are said to have withstood, with the most complete success, the effects of the terrific cannonading of the enemy, some of the sections only being riven. Her smoke-stack and ventilators were riddled by the enemy's balls so as to give them the appearance, as our informant describes them, of huge nutmeg graters. We are glad to learn from the Norfolk *Day-Book* that the large gun recently cast in Richmond for the *Merrimac* has been placed in its position on board of that vessel. It throws a solid shot weighing 360 pounds.

"The shot is of wrought iron, long, and has a steel point. This point is not conical, as in the common rifle cannon-ball, but shaped like that of the ordinary instrument for punching iron. Recent experiments show this to be a very ugly weapon, even against thick iron plates. The gun for this new projectile, with the two Armstrong guns, put aboard the *Merrimac* since she returned from Newport News, gives her one of the most formidable batteries in the world, in addition to her being perfectly shot and shell proof."

GENERAL BANKS DRIVING THE REBELS.

On 1st April General Banks's forces advanced upon the rebels in the neighborhood of Woodstock, drove them through it, they meanwhile fighting as they retreated. The rear-guard of the latter was constantly engaged with the advanced-guard of the former; and during their retreat the rebels set fire to the bridges and succeeded in destroying several of them. At Edenburg they made a stand, but our forces gaining the best of the contest the rebels again retreated.

ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

The rebels at Island No. 10 surrendered on the night of 7th to Commodore Foote, with all the men, guns, and other property at the position.

General Halleck telegraphs as follows:

General Pope has captured three generals, six thousand prisoners of war, one hundred siege-pieces and several field batteries, with immense quantities of small-arms, tents, wagons, and horses. Our victory is complete and overwhelming. We have not lost a single man.

BURNSIDE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A report reached Fortress Monroe on 5th that the rebels had warned General Burnside to abandon Newbern within six days or take the consequences, and that the General replied that he would soon meet the enemy at Goldsboro' and at Raleigh, and there settle the question of evacuation. The latest from Beaufort states that Fort Macon still holds out, but that formidable preparations are being made by our troops to shell it within a few days, in which event its reduction will become inevitable.

AFFAIRS IN FLORIDA.

Our forces at Jacksonville, Florida, are momentarily expecting an attack from the rebels, consisting of two Mississippi regiments and one of Florida guerrillas, with a troop of horse and a battery of artillery. Brigadier-General Wright, commanding our troops at that place, is confident of being able to sustain himself and protect the town and the inhabitants, the majority of whom are Northern men and loyal citizens. Deserters represent the condition of the rebel forces as desperate, being entirely out of food and relying upon foraging for subsistence.

IN NEW MEXICO.

The news from New Mexico, dated the 18th ult., represents Colonel Canby still shut up at Fort Craig, and Fort Union, the strongest defense on the Western frontier, occupied by a force of fourteen hundred men. The rebels, twenty-four hundred strong, were at Albuquerque, about half-way between Forts Union and Craig. It was reported that the rebel Generals Baylor and Steele were advancing with eighteen hundred Texans on Fort Union. If possible the garrison at the latter fort would attempt to relieve Colonel Canby, and repossess Albuquerque and Santa Fé, now held by the rebels.

AFFAIRS NEAR FORT PULASKI.

Commodore Dupont and Commander Gillis report officially the abandonment by the rebels of the formidable batteries on Skidaway and Green Islands. They succeeded, however, in removing their artillery before leaving the fortifications. The works were taken possession of by our troops. The evacuation of the Thunderbolt fort, which is only five miles from Savannah, would almost indicate that a very strong defense would not be made to the Union advance upon that city. Skidaway battery was situated on the island of the same name, and commanded the approach by the Augustine River. The island is about twelve miles from the city, and was connected with the main land by bridges. Fort Pulaski is now surrounded by our forces, and the rebels have offered to evacuate, if allowed to march out with the honors of war. This proposition has been peremptorily refused by General Sherman, who demands an unconditional surrender.

GENERAL FREMONT'S DEPARTMENT.

From Western Virginia we learn that the rebels are retreating before our forces under General Milroy, who has advanced from Cheat Mountain, and now holds Camp Alleghany, lately evacuated by the rebels. The rebels have also fallen back from Monterey and Huntersville, and seem to be moving toward Staunton, where they will have a chance of escape by railroad.

ROUT OF REBELS AT UNION CITY.

On 31st March, Colonel Buford made a descent upon Union City, with the Twenty-seventh and Forty-second Illinois regiments and a part of the Fifteenth Wisconsin, accompanied by a detachment of cavalry and artillery from Hickman, commanded by Colonel Hey, and, after a forced march of thirty miles, fell upon the rebel encampments at seven o'clock in the morning, dispersing the entire force stationed there, under the rebel commanders Clay and King, consisting of both cavalry and infantry. The enemy fled in every direction. Several of them were killed and a number taken prisoners. A large amount of spoils was captured, including 150 wagons, filled with commissary and quarter-master's stores. The rebel force were supposed to number 700 infantry and between 700 and 800 cavalry.

TWO MORE MILITARY DEPARTMENTS.

Two new military departments have been created. The first comprises that portion of Virginia and Maryland lying between the Mountain Department (General Frémont's) and the Blue Ridge, which is to be called the Department of the Shenandoah, to be under command of General Banks. The other is to be designated the Department of the Rappahannock, and will comprise the portion of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac and the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad, including the District of Columbia and the Patuxant. General M'Dowell is placed in command of this district.

NO MORE TROOPS WANTED.

Orders have been issued by the War Department recalling all officers now on recruiting service to their regiments at once, and notifying all Governors of States that no new enlistments or levies will be received until further orders from the Department, the force now in the field being considered sufficient to put down the rebellion and bring the war to a speedy termination.

ELECTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

Governor Sprague and the present incumbents of the State offices in Rhode Island were re-elected on 2d without opposition. In the Legislature in grand Committee, the Democrats and Constitutional Union Party will have a majority of about 36.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The London journals uniformly sneer at or abuse President Lincoln's emancipation message. The *Morning Post* treats it as a puerile and vain scheme. It says it can only be accounted for as being the last resource of a Government which feels it is engaged in a struggle which, if continued, must involve it in ruin, and which it would make any sacrifice short of submission to arrest.

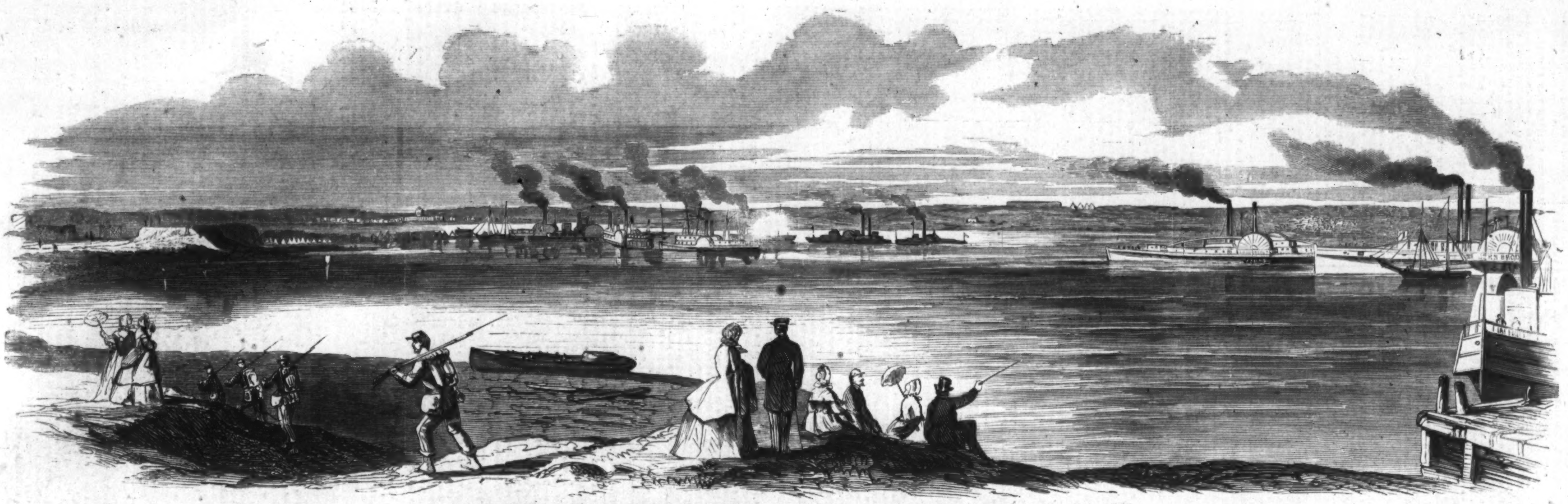
THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The United States Minister in London has received a letter from Secretary Seward, advising him to announce to the British Cabinet the approval of our Government of the project of an Atlantic telegraph to Newfoundland. Lord Palmerston's reception of the deputation from the Atlantic Telegraph Company is regarded as very favorable.

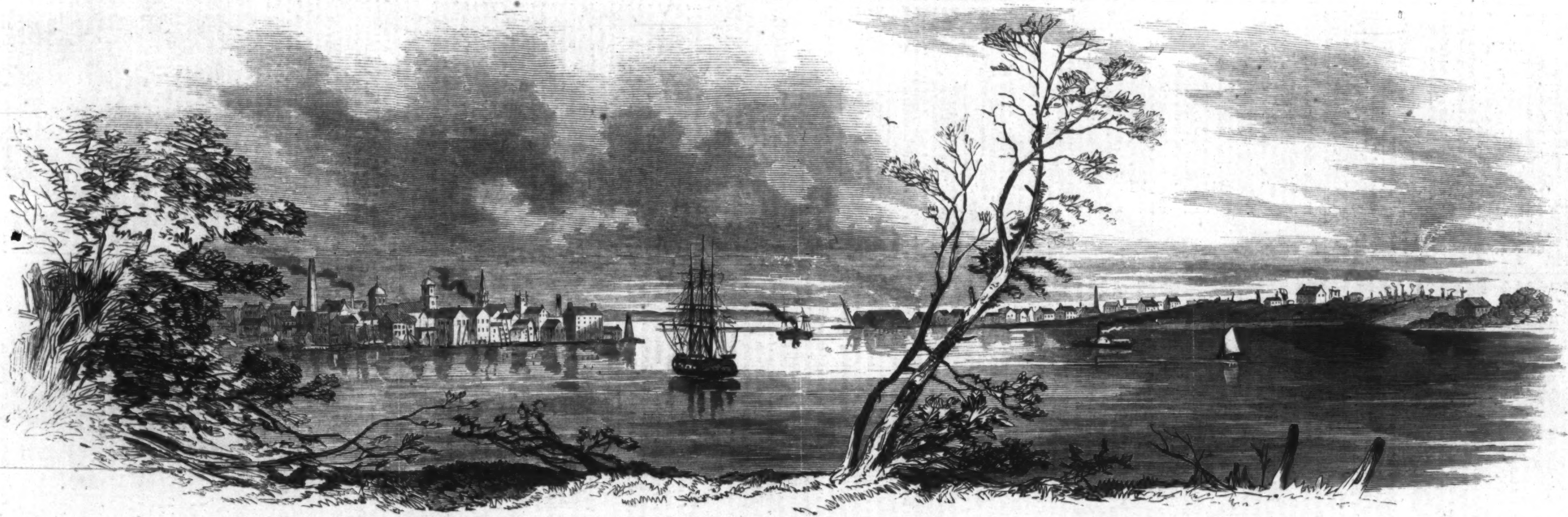
SPAIN.

THE MEXICAN INTERVENTION.

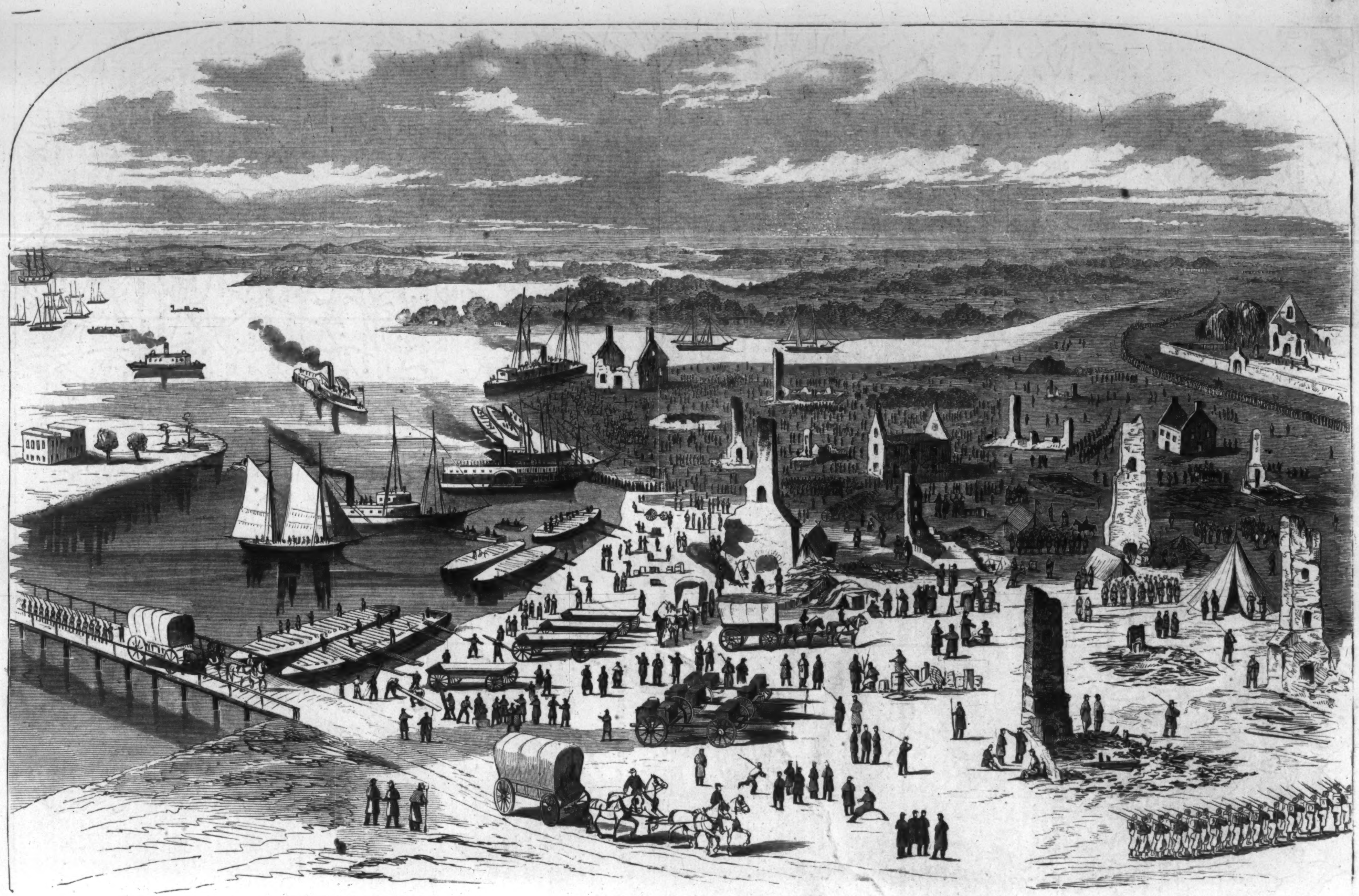
The Spanish Government has ordered General Prim not to treat with the Mexicans till the allied troops are in Mexico City.



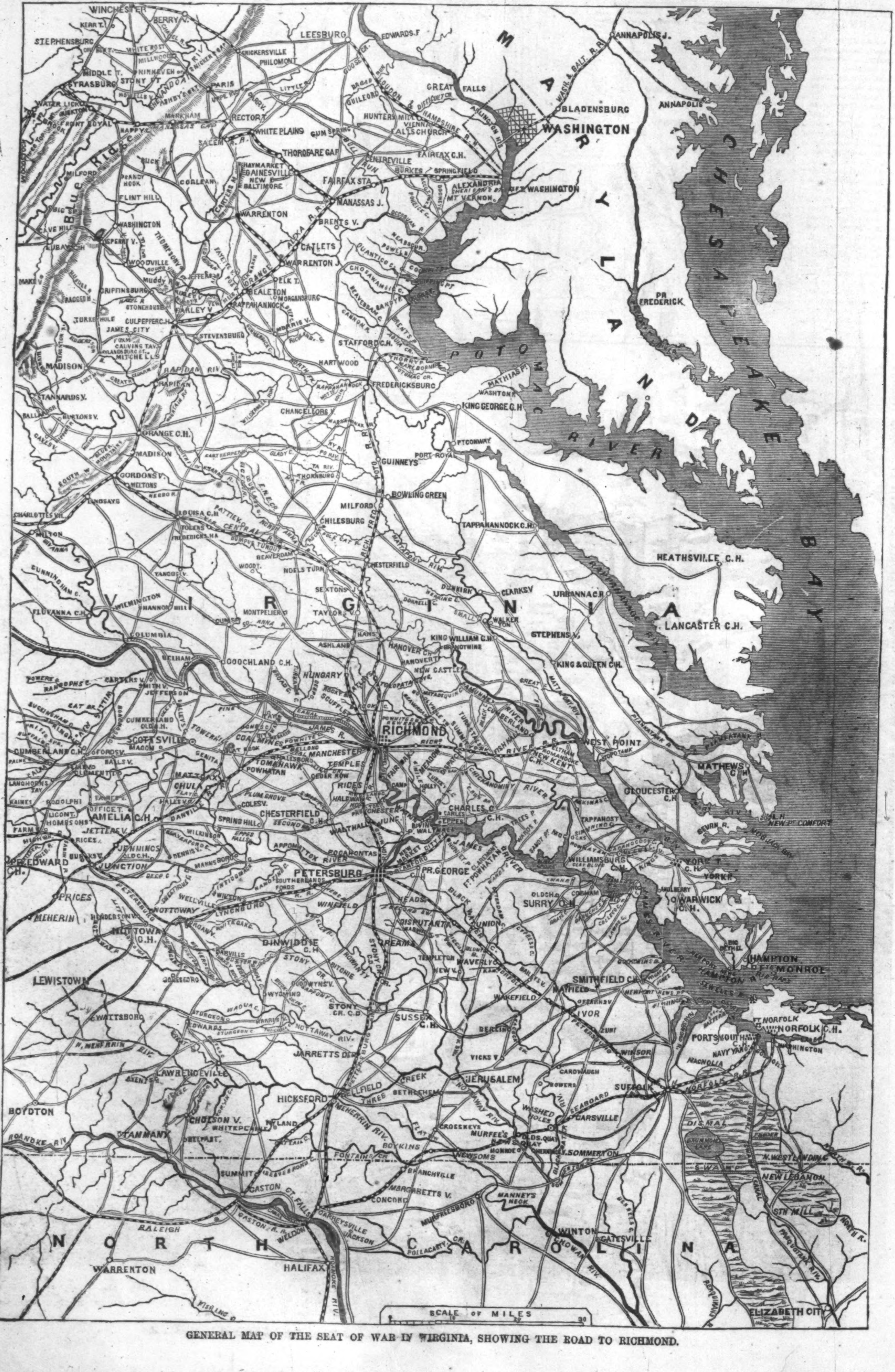
TRANSPORTS EMBARKING TROOPS AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 255.]



CITY OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 255.]



FEDERAL TROOPS AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—Sketched by an Officer of the Topographical Engineers.—[See Page 255.]

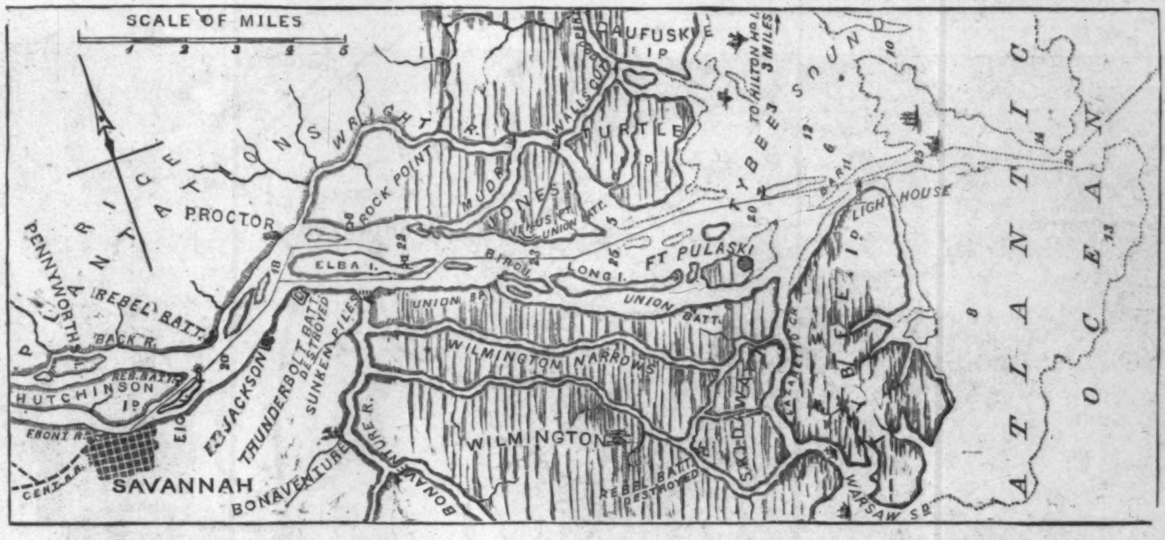

WINCHESTER
STEPHENSBURG
MIDDLE T.
STRASBURG
Blue Ridge
LEESBURG
EDWARDS F.
ANNAPOLIS J.
MARYLAND
BLADENSBURG
WASHINGTON
ANNAPOLIS
CHESAPEAKE BAY
GREAT FALLS
ALEXANDRIA
MT VERNON
FT WASHINGTON
FAIRFAX C.H.
CENTREVILLE
FAIRFAX STA.
MANASSAS J.
THOROFARE GAP
WHITE PLAINS
RECTOR T.
PARIS
WARRENTON
BRENTS V.
CATLETS
WARRENTON J.
BEALETON
RAPPAHANNOCK
CULPEPPER C.H.
STEVENSBURG
MADISON
STANNARDS V.
ORANGE C.H.
GORDONS V.
CHARLOTTES V.
FLINT HILL
WASHINGTON
WOODVILLE
QUANTICO CR.
STAFFORD C.H.
HARTWOOD
FREDERICKSBURG
CHANCELLORS V.
POTOMAC RIVER
PR. FREDERICK
KING GEORGE C.H.
PT. CONWAY
PORT ROYAL
GUINNEYS
BOWLING GREEN
MILFORD
CHILESBURG
TAPPAHANNOCK C.H.
HEATHSVILLE C.H.
LANCASTER C.H.
URBANNA CR.
LOUISA C.H.
BEAVERDAM
CHESTERFIELD
SEXTONS
TAYLORS V.
MONTPELIER
VIRGINIA
COLUMBIA
FLUVANNA C.H.
CUNNINGHAM C.
ASHLAND
HANOVER C.H.
KING WILLIAM C.H.
STEPHENS V.
KING & QUEEN C.H.
GOOCHLAND C.H.
HUNGARY
RICHMOND
MANCHESTER
JAMES R.
WEST POINT
NEW KENT
MATHEWS C.H.
GLOUCESTER C.H.
NEW PT. COMFORT
SCOTTSVILLE
CUMBERLAND C.H.
POWHATAN
AMELIA C.H.
CHULA
CHESTERFIELD C.H.
CHARLES C. C.H.
WILLIAMSBURG
YORK T.
YORKS
WARWICK C.H.
JAMES RIVER
CHICKAHOMINY RIVER
PETERSBURG
PR. GEORGE
APPOMATTOX RIVER
SURRY C.H.
HAMPTON
FT. MONROE
JUNCTION
NOTTAWAY C.H.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
DISPUTANTA
WAVERLY
SMITHFIELD C.H.
PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK C.H.
NAVY YARD
LEWISTOWN
SUSSEX C.H.
STONY CR. C.H.
JARRETTS DEP.
IVOR
SUFFOLK
LAWRENCEVILLE
HICKSFORD
BELLFIELD
JERUSALEM
CARSVILLE
BOYDTON
STAMMANY
DISMAL SWAMP
DRUMMOND LAKE
N. WESTLANDING
NEW LEBANON
GASTON
WELDON
GARYSVILLE
JACKSON
MURFREESBORO
WINTON
GATESVILLE
SOMMERTON
NORTH CAROLINA
WARRENTON
HALIFAX
ELIZABETH CITY
ROANOKE RIV.
SCALE OF MILES
10 20 30

GENERAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE ROAD TO RICHMOND.

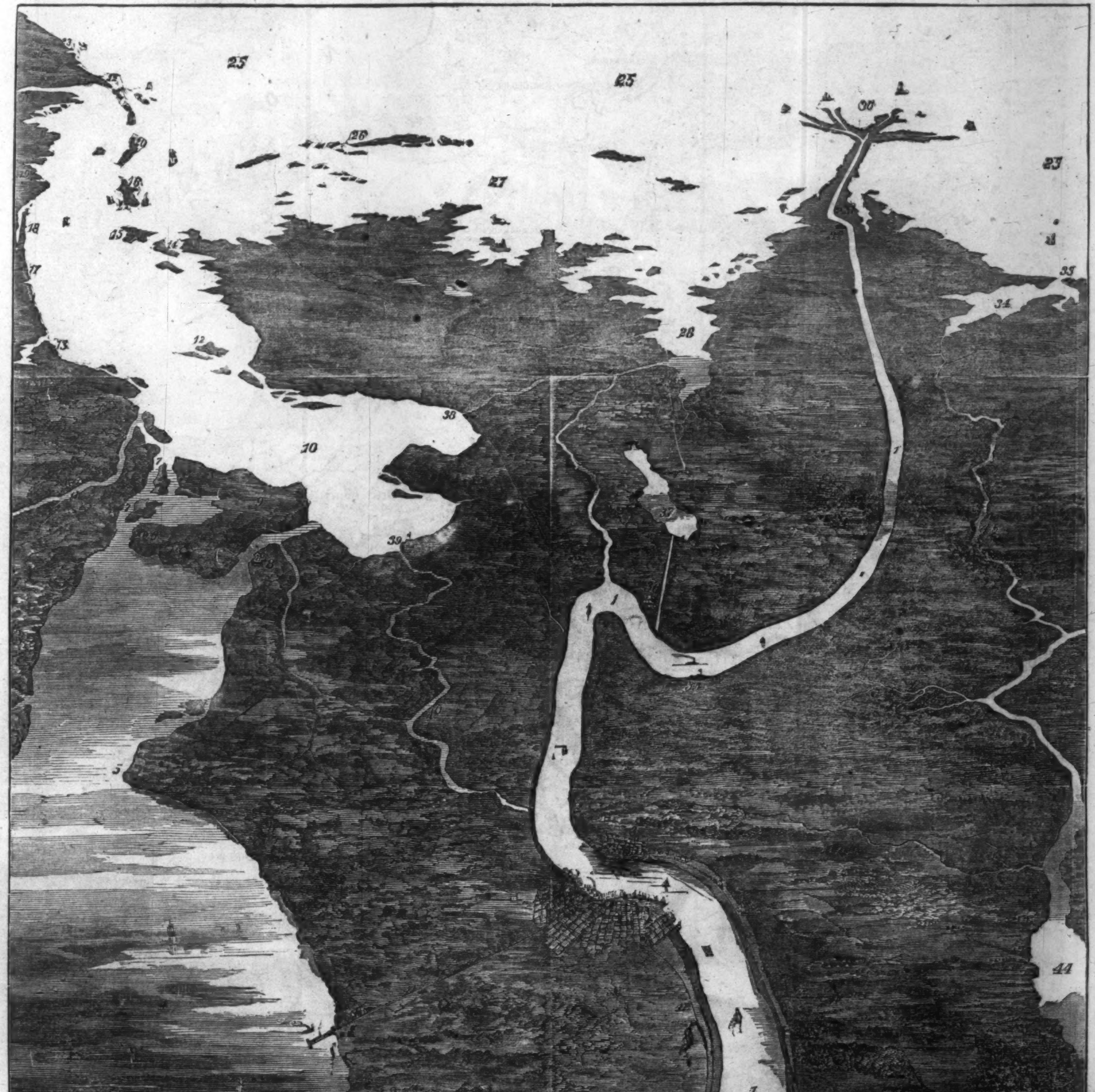
APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH.

The accompanying Map shows clearly the approaches by water to Savannah, which is situated on the south bank of the Savannah River, about eighteen miles from the Atlantic Ocean by the channel of the river, as indicated by a line on the Map. The depths of the channel, at low tide, are given in feet, the outer dotted line representing eighteen feet. It will be seen that Fort Pulaski commands the bar and channel of the river, also other water approaches, which, however, are shallow. From Hilton Head Island the United States forces passed through Cooper River, Wall's Cut, Mud and Wright rivers, into the Savannah River, and built forts on Jones and Bird's islands, which cut off supplies by water from Savannah to Fort Pulaski. Another base of operations is Warsaw Sound, south of Tybee Island, from which light-draught vessels pass into Wilmington Narrows, and thus command the land approaches to Fort Pulaski. The land being low and marshy, the cannon and mortars of the Union gunboats have a range for miles over the banks of the streams. A wooden road has been made over the miry land of Jones Island, from the end of Wall's Cut to Venus Point, where has recently been built a strong battery commanding the river, and putting a stop to the operations of "Commodore Tatnall's Mosquito Fleet." The naval firing between Commodore Tatnall and Captain Davis was when the boats of the former were in the Savannah River, and those of the latter in Wilmington Narrows.

Sunken piles prevent our boats passing from Wilmington Narrows to the Savannah River. The Skidaway and Thunderbolt batteries, built by the rebels, have been destroyed by our gun-boats.


SCALE OF MILES
1
2
3
4
5
PLANTATIONS
WRIGHT R.
PROCTOR
ROCK POINT
MUD R.
JONES I.
VENUS PT.
UNION BATT.
WALLS CUT
DAUFUSKIE I.
TURTLE I.
TO HILTON HD. 13 MILES
TYBEE SOUND
PENNYWORTHS
REBEL BATT.
BACK R.
REB. BATT.
HUTCHINSON I.
FRONT R.
CENT. R.R.
SAVANNAH
ELBA I.
BIRD I.
LONG I.
FT PULASKI
UNION BATT.
BAR
LIGHT HOUSE
TYBEE I.
FT. JACKSON
THUNDERBOLT BATT. DESTROYED
SUNKEN PILES
BONAVENTURE
WILMINGTON NARROWS
WILMINGTON
SKIDAWAY
REBEL BATT. DESTROYED
WARSAW SD.
ATLANTIC OCEAN

MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF FORT PULASKI, AND APPROACHES TO SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.


25
25
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27
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33
34
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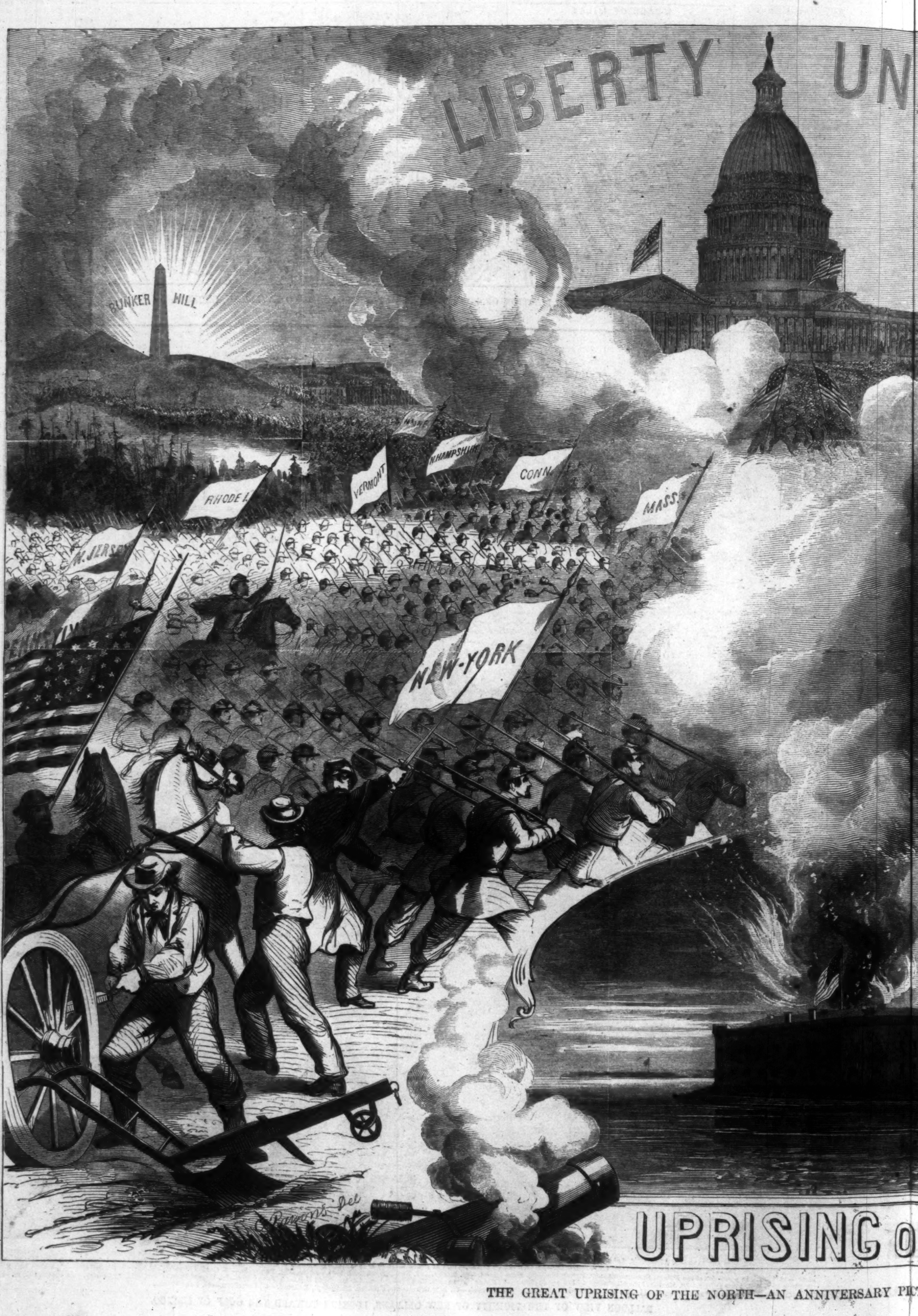
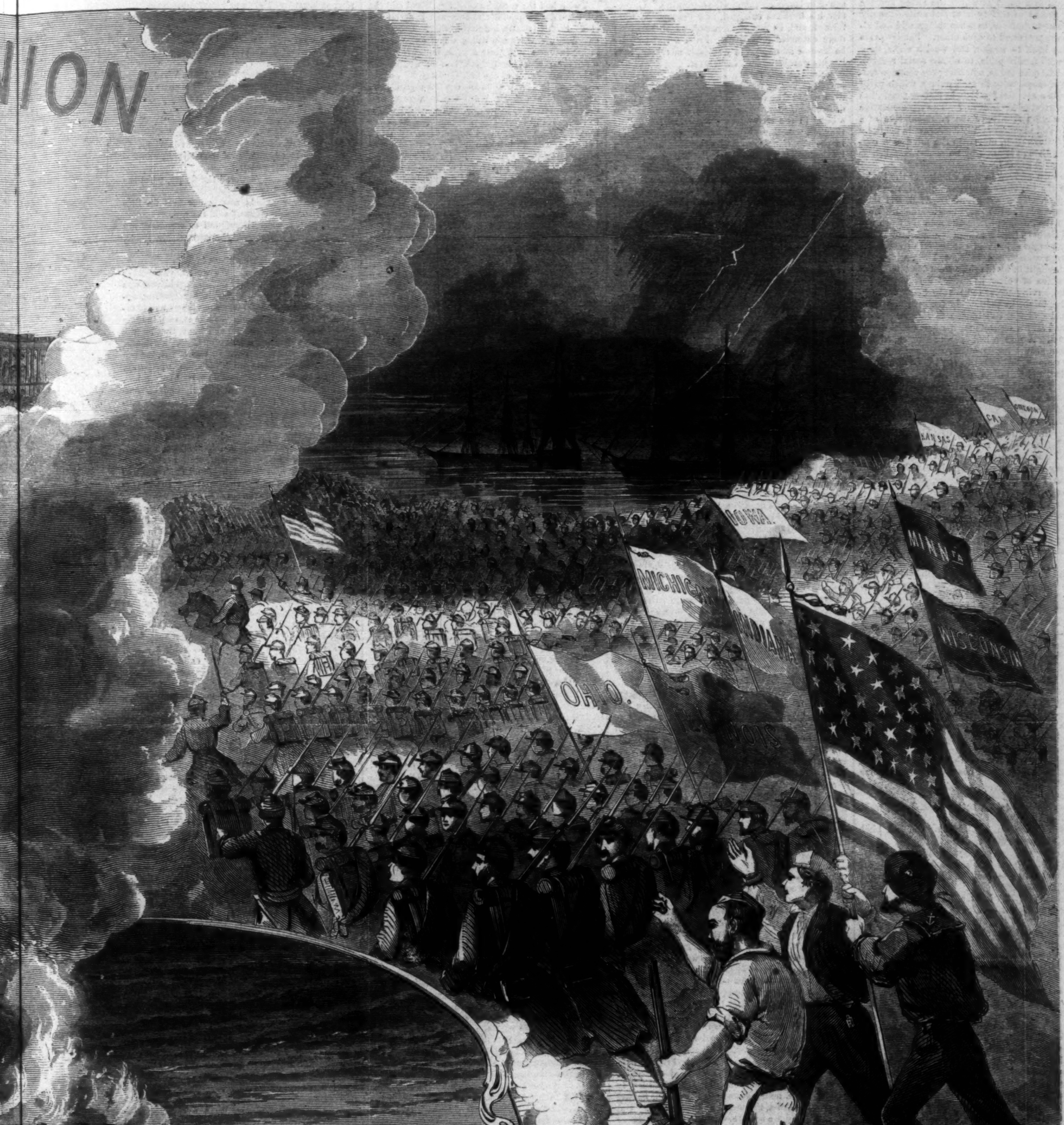
38
12
13
39
37
44
1

1. Mississippi River.—2. New Orleans.—3. Algiers.—4. Lake Pontchartrain.—5. Point aux Herbes.—6. Fort Pike.—7. Rigolets.—8. Fort Macomb and Menteur Pass.—9. Pine Island.—10. Lake Borgne.—11. Pearl River, boundary between Louisiana and Mississippi.—12. Malheureux Islands.—13. Shieldsborough.—14. St. Joseph's Island.—15. Cat Island.—16. Ship Island, in possession of the Federal Government.—17. Mississippi City, in possession of the Federal Government.—18. Biloxi, in possession of the Federal Government.—19. Pascagoula.—20. Horn Island.—21. Mobile.—22. Fort Morgan.—23. Fort Pickens.—24. Pensacola.—25. Gulf of Mexico.—26. Chandeleur Islands.—27. Chandeleur Sound.—28. Black Bay.—29. Fort Dupre.—30. Mouths of the Mississippi.—31. Fort Jackson.—32. Fort Philip.—33. Fort Livingston.—34. Barataria Bay.—35. Fort Leon.—36. Woodville and Canal.—37. Lake Lery.—38. Proctorville and Fort.—39. Fort Bienvenue.—40. Bayou Bienvenue.—41. New Orleans and Lake Pontchartrain Railroad.—42. New Orleans and Jackson, Mississippi, Railroad.—43. Carrollton.—44. Lake Washa.

BALLOON VIEW OF THE VICINITY OF NEW ORLEANS, LOOKING TOWARD THE GULF OF MEXICO.


LIBERTY
UN
BUNKER HILL
MAINE
N. HAMPSHIRE
VERMONT
CONN.
RHODE I.
MASS.
N. JERSEY
PENNSYLV
NEW-YORK
C. Parsons Del
UPRISING O

THE GREAT UPRISING OF THE NORTH—AN ANNIVERSARY PIC


NION
OF THE NORTH
MICHIGAN
IOWA
MINNE
WISCONSIN
OHIO
INDIANA
OIS

PICTURE—APRIL 12, 1862.—DRAWN BY C. PARSONS, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 242.]

WHICH GOT THE WORST OF IT?

There is a point at which the rising and the falling grades in society meet and unite—usually with some turbulence, as when things acid and alkaline are presented to each other. Family pride humbles itself to wealth, and wealth seeks, by a union with family pride, to obtain social recognition. The question is, admitting the common sentiment of incongruity in such unions, which party has made a sacrifice? which, in plainer words, has got the worst of the bargain? The representative of a decaying family, or the representative of a healthy and vigorous family? A case in point, by way of illustration, may help the mind to a conclusion; though it must by no means be taken as covering the ground.

Two men arrived in this country at the beginning of the present century, the one rich and the other poor. They were from England, and their families resided in the same neighborhood. Both were in the prime of life. The man of wealth was named Bernard Leister; the poor man, Jacob Ward. Leister bought ships, and entered into trade. He had large warehouses in New York, where the goods brought in by his ships were deposited. For the position of porter he needed a trusty man—one who, having access to his varied stores of merchandise, might be thoroughly trusted; and who, also, had sufficient intelligence to receive and deliver, and return accurate memoranda to the counting-room. A person had been recommended and tried, but proved incompetent; a second was competent enough, but failed in the high essential of integrity, and was dismissed.

"Oh for an honest man!" the merchant had ejaculated when, as the words parted his lips, Jacob Ward came in.

"Ah, Jacob! How are you?" said Mr. Leister, recognizing in a friendly way his poor fellow-countryman. Ward removed his hat as, in a respectful tone, he answered,

"Very well, thank you, Mr. Leister."

"Can I do any thing for you, Jacob?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, Sir, I think you can. I wish to send five pounds to my sister."

A slight change was visible in Leister's face—a going out of the pleased expression, as though some uncomfortable recollection had come into his mind.

"And I thought," continued Jacob Ward, "that maybe you could draw a draft on London or Liverpool."

"Yes, Jacob, I can furnish a draft. For five pounds, did you say?"

"Yes, Sir."

"To whose order shall it be drawn?"

Jacob gave his sister's name, and Mr. Leister directed a clerk to fill up first, second, and third bills of exchange for the sum desired. While the bills were preparing, Mr. Leister said:

"Well, Jacob, what are you doing?"

"I'm gardener for Mr. Wykoff, Sir."

"Ah! Mr. Wykoff is a very fine man."

"Indeed and he is, Sir."

"What are your wages?"

"Fourteen dollars a month, Sir, and found."

"That is, you get your board in addition to your wages?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You should be in a better place, Jacob," said Mr. Leister.

"I don't complain, Sir. Mr. Wykoff is a kind master, and never finds fault."

"That is because you do your duty, as your father did before you, Jacob. Your father was an honest and a faithful man, and I've always heard you well spoken of."

"Thank you, Mr. Leister. I try to do right, and then, as my father used to say, leave the rest to God."

The merchant had ejaculated, "Oh for an honest man!" and the honest man stood before him. "Faithfulness runs in this blood," he said within himself. "You might have trusted the father with uncounted gold."

"What would it cost you for boarding in the city, in case a desirable situation were to offer?" asked Mr. Leister.

"Good board can be had for $10 a month," replied Ward.

"You know something of figures?"

"A little; father sent me two years to school."

"You could weigh goods in receiving or delivering, and keep the account?"

"Yes, Sir. That's easy enough."

Leister mused for a little while, and then said:

"Jacob, I think you're the man I want. We had to send our porter away yesterday. The place is still vacant, and if you will come, it is open for you. Wages $30 a month. What do you say?"

"I couldn't leave Mr. Wykoff on such short notice, Sir. He's been very kind to me."

"If I make it all right with Mr. Wykoff, what then?"

"I'd rather take your offer, Sir, than stay where I am. I never cared much for gardening."

Mr. Wykoff, though regretting to part with so faithful a man, would not put any hinderances in his way; and Jacob Ward the gardener became Jacob Ward the porter, in which position, honest and faithful, he remained for years, his mind growing all the while, and his business knowledge increasing.

He married, two years after entering Mr. Leister's store, the daughter of a cedar cooper, who, though poor, had a clear family record. "Honest" was the father's sobriquet among his neighbors. The daughter's education was limited; but she had good sense, a warm heart, and right principles.

After being ten years in the service of Mr. Leister, holding the position, as stated, during most of the time, and receiving for the whole period an average income of about five hundred dollars a year, Jacob, who had saved nearly two thousand dollars, started in business for himself as a retail grocer. From this period he held steadily a prosperous career; not, at first, accumulating very rapidly, but always accumulating. The close of every year saw him better off than in the beginning. Gradually his business enlarged, new connections were formed, and, as means increased, he ventured on more extended operations. From a retail dealer he became an extensive wholesale merchant, having his warehouse on Pearl Street.

Meantime his family and that of Mr. Leister moved in widely different spheres, and their children were being educated and trained in a widely different manner. The Leisters were in the best society in the city—among the "exclusives," as they are sometimes called, whose very blood chills in the familiar presence of what they understand by the term "common people." Whatever money would procure for the sons and daughters in the way of education, and whatever polish of mind, and ease, and elegance of exterior were to be gained by intercourse with refined and cultivated people, were theirs. They were of the *élite*. On the other hand, the children of Mr. Ward came into early association at school, and in the common ways of life, with those who moved in their own sphere; but, from an innate quality, and a finer-grained material, developing into more graceful forms, and taking a better polish. They were carefully taught good principles at home, and the value of active industry. Their mother was a true woman, with an instinctive refinement of soul that shrunk from the coarse and basely common; and her children, taking something of this from her, were the more easily led and influenced.

From the two rooms, in a small house standing away in the suburbs, the family of Mr. Ward had passed to the occupancy of upper or lower stories of various-sized dwellings in different parts of the city, until at length they were able to take an entire house to themselves, and furnish it moderately well. As sons and daughters grew older, and wealth increased, the natural desire to make as good an appearance as others was felt. So an elegant residence, in the best portion of the city, was finally taken, and four or five thousand dollars expended in furnishing.

Now came the question, "Who have we here?" The sons and daughters of Mr. Ward, who had all enjoyed good educational advantages, and who, so far as manner and bearing were concerned, showed in no unfavorable contrast with those who claimed to be superior, made their appearance during the summer seasons at Saratoga, and other points of fashionable resort. They were also seen at public entertainments, and now and then in friendly association with certain persons who, holding by family relations an undisputed social position, were never afraid of losing caste through any familiar recognitions of people who might not happen to have a pedigree wholly acceptable to the superfine. With them the "What are they?" went farther than the "Who are they?"

Wealth, particularly in our country, even where the individual is of small account mentally and morally, is almost sure to receive invitations to accept of uppermost seats and chief places; and it crowds in upon old exclusive circles with a pressure that always makes way at some point, however the few claiming to be "born and bred" to the genuine aristocratic manner sneer and protest. Mr. Ward had become a substantial citizen, that is, a man of large wealth; his family lived elegantly, and kept a carriage. The sons and daughters were well educated, and accomplished. It was no difficult matter, therefore, for them to gain admittance into the "best society." We use the term conventionally, of course.

A period of thirty years works great social changes in America. Families rarely hold their places for so long a time. Luxury, self-indulgence, and the enervating effects of idleness, in most cases so deteriorate individuals of the second generation, that they are pushed aside by the more earnest and ambitious, or sink into poverty and obscurity, the result of thriftlessness, extravagance, or dissipation. Often on these decaying branches some fairer shoots remain, that seem to concentrate all that was sweet and refined in the old stock. Though admired in their own circle, recognized as of the best blood, and holding still an entrée to "good society," they rarely form alliances in the grade to which they belong—loss of wealth interposing as a barrier. Family pride limps sadly in this world, if there be not money to sustain its pretensions. Now and then it happens that, by virtue of some spiritual chemistry, these fair shoots from a decaying trunk retain only the purer and nobler essences of the soul, having rejected the gross, the mean, and the selfish. But too often they are only beautiful to the eye, having bitterness within. It is with these that newly-acquired wealth, which, in looking back to old affiliations, sees too often only what it regards as common and mean, in many instances seeks to unite itself. At this point the rising and the falling families of Jacob Ward and Bernard Leister came finally in contact; for Leister had permitted extravagant, selfish, unprincipled sons to involve him in a way that brought ruin on his fortunes. From the wreck he had managed, dishonorably, to save a sufficient sum to maintain a fair social appearance, and to live in the enjoyment of many luxuries. But his family was known as a decaying one, in which no hopeful vitality remained. The older sons, after having ruined their father, lingered helplessly about home, idly wasting their lives, until fair opportunity offered for each to lift some ambitious daughter of a rich plebeian into the envied upper circle.

The oldest son of Mr. Ward married the daughter of a merchant, whose family had risen side by side with his own, and the union was acceptable to both families. It proved congenial and happy. The oldest daughter became the wife of her father's clerk, a bright, active, honorable young man, who had been in the store from a boy. There was slight demurring to this on the part of some of the younger members, who were beginning to look above the sphere in which they had moved; but it was quickly silenced under the father and mother's cordial approval. The marriage had good promise, which did not fail.

Twice had the second son of Mr. Ward and the youngest daughter of Mr. Leister met in social circles. Each was attracted to the other. This youngest daughter was beautiful, graceful, and winning in her manners, and quite a belle, but only a belle—for the fact of her father's loss of wealth was known, and scions of the best families did not see advantage in a graft upon the one she represented. The second son of Mr. Ward was handsome, well educated, sensible, honorable, and with a purpose in life. He had some faint remembrance of their humbler days, and fancied looking forward much better than looking backward. The third meeting between young Ward and Miss Leister was attended by marked revelations of interest on both sides, mutually and pleasurably recognized. This led to a call upon the young lady. We give an incident of this call.

Mr. and Mrs. Leister, with two of their daughters, the youngest and the oldest, sat together one evening in their accustomed moody silence, when a servant handed in a card for Miss Eleanor, the youngest of the girls.

"Is he in the parlor?" asked the young lady, a sudden sparkle in her eyes.

"Yes, Miss."

"Say that I will be down in a few moments;" and she left the room to make some changes in her dress, without replying to her mother's question, "Who is it?"

On coming back, an hour after, the question was repeated by Mrs. Leister.

"His name is Mr. Ward," answered the girl.

"What Ward?" Her father almost started at the name, and put the interrogation sharply as he drew himself erect and looked, with knitted brows, at his daughter. The manner surprised and a little disconcerted Eleanor; but she answered, in a confident way,

"He's the son of Jacob Ward, the merchant."

Mr. Leister sprung to his feet, and, with strong excitement of manner, ejaculated,

"The low-bred hound! How dare he intrude himself here!"

Eleanor's face grew pale, she looked strangely at her father, and began to tremble.

"The son of Jacob Ward!" exclaimed Mrs. Leister, in surprise and contempt.

"Of my old porter! Faugh! Has it come to this?" Mr. Leister strode about, crossing the room two or three times. "Has he been here before?" He stopped in front of his agitated child, and glared down upon her almost fiercely.

"No, Sir," she answered.

"You have met him before?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where and when?"

"I met him at Mrs. Clarendon's."

"Did the Clarendons invite him to their house?"

"I met him there, Sir, and was introduced by Mrs. Clarendon herself."

"Worse and worse!" ejaculated Mr. Leister. "There's no protection, no security, in society as it stands to-day. Money and dress are passports to any circle. Mrs. Clarendon introduced you to this low-born and low-bred fellow? I'm amazed! What could she have been thinking about?"

"Most likely," said Mrs. Leister, "she was ignorant of his origin."

"It's her business to know all about the people she invites to her house," replied Mr. Leister, still greatly disturbed.

Eleanor, who was shocked and bewildered by all this, sat for a little while in a shiver of excitement, which, gradually passing off, left her with a pale face, fixed, drooping eyes, tensely shut lips, and a statue-like stillness of person.

"Eleanor!" Mr. Leister stopped a second time in front of his child and uttered her name sternly.

She turned her head slightly, but did not look up.

"Do you hear?" There was an angry throb in his voice.

The startled girl lifted her eyes with a quick, half-frightened glance.

"Now mark what I say! If this fellow comes here again you are not to see him. Remember that! And further, if he attempts to thrust himself upon you at any time or in any place, you are to push him aside with the contempt he deserves. Do you understand?"

Eleanor's eyes had fallen to the floor, and she was again moveless as a statue. To the last sternly-spoken interrogation she answered nothing—did not give back even the feeblest sign.

"Girl! what does this mean?" Her unresponsive silence baffled while it maddened him. Still there came no reply.

"If you dare to see him again I will disown you! I will, by—!" An oath leaped madly from the father's lips.

"Bernard, in Heaven's name be calm!" said Mrs. Leister, now interposing.

"Be calm!" he cried back, fiercely. "Calm in the presence of a thing like this! Do you know what it means? Ha! I'll tell you what! It means the mixing of our blood with the vile current running in that low-born fellow's veins! Look at her! Look at her face! Can't you see what it means?"

At this moment Eleanor started up and left the room hastily, not heeding the peremptory command of her father to remain.

A scene, parallel in a degree to this, though different in spirit, transpired on the same evening in the family of Jacob Ward. The young man who had called on Miss Leister did not feel inclined, on leaving her, to look for recreation any where else, but returned directly home, coming in toward ten o'clock.

"Where have you been, George?" asked one of his sisters.

"Guess?" he answered, smiling, and yet showing enough seriousness in manner to provoke his sister's curiosity.

"To see the young lady you were so charmed with at Mrs. Clarendon's?" she inquired, with an arch look.

"Perhaps."

"Aha! Caught!" And the girl laughed merrily, as heart-free girls will laugh sometimes.

"Who is it?" inquired Mrs. Ward, looking toward her daughter.

George raised his finger and glanced at his sister with a mock show of warning; but she answered:

"A Miss Leister."

"What Miss Leister?" asked Mr. Ward, in so grave a tone, that both George and his sister turned toward him in some surprise. No reply coming immediately, he said:

"Not a daughter of Bernard Leister?"

"Yes, Sir. His youngest daughter."

Mr. Ward shook his head and looked serious.

"She's a lovely girl," said the sister, in vindication of her brother's taste.

"That may be," answered the father, "but the blood isn't good."

"Mr. Leister stands among our best families though reduced in means," said George.

"No matter what his position or standing, my son, the blood is not good," answered Mr. Ward, calmly, but firmly.

"You know something about him?"

"I do—all about him. We were boys together in England. From a child up Bernard Leister was bad. As a boy, he was selfish, overbearing, aggressive—a terror to the weak in all our neighborhood. His father's reputation was stained in some way—I never heard how; but I know that he was held in low esteem by every one. At his death, which took place after Bernard was of age, the son came into the management of his father's property, and so managed it as to absorb nearly every thing, leaving his two sisters in such limited circumstances that one of them was obliged to take employment for several years as a governess. With the money obtained by cheating his sisters, Leister came to this country, where he invested his means and took social rank as a merchant and man of cultivated mind. I have seen a great deal of him, my son, and know him thoroughly, and don't want to see his vile blood mingled with mine. It will corrupt the purest stream. Look at his worthless, spendthrift, and, I might say, vicious sons—I would hide my head in shame were I the father of such boys. Look, too, at the circumstances of his failure in business; how he managed, in fraud toward his creditors, to retain sufficient property on which to live in ease and idleness for the rest of his life. Your father, George, was once a porter in Mr. Leister's store; but, humble as his early position in life, he holds his rank from nature, as born of parents whose honor was stainless—of parents who loved truth and right—and he would think his blood debased if it ever met the current that flows in this man's veins. Qualities of soul, my son, are transmitted from father to child. Beware, then, into what family you go seeking an alliance. I speak plainly, for I see by your countenance that Miss Leister has won from you more than a passing glow of admiration; and I am not surprised, for I have observed her often in company with her mother. She has a handsome, sweet face."

"And is a sweet girl, father," said the young man.

Mr. Ward shook his head and looked very grave.

"I can not believe that so pure a face can veil a bad heart," said George.

"I do not say her heart is bad, my son. Far be it from me to judge so harshly. If I judged from her face alone I should conclude that she had a good heart. But there is an unchangeable law of transmission—of cause and effect. Under the action of this law the quality of the father's mind must be inherited by the child. I do not mean by this that the child of a bad father can not become a good man or woman; but I mean by it that an inclination to the evils indulged by parents will be inherited by the child, and that such inclinations, unless repressed, weakened, and removed, will always have more or less influence on the life and character. It is, therefore, never a safe experiment for a young man or a young woman to marry into a family where the moral record is not good. And it is not good in the present case."

So it stood with the fathers on both sides. But young hearts draw together with a magnetism that usually obeys its own laws. The argument of blood had no force with either the youth or maiden when they stood face to face and looked into each other's eyes. And it happened, as it usually happens in such cases, that opposition only drove them nearer together and more rapidly developed the latent sentiment of love. The passionate threats and denunciations of Mr. Leister and the calm reasons and remonstrances of Mr. Ward were alike ineffectual. The lovers pledged themselves to eternal fidelity. Mr. Leister proved inexorable; but Mr. Ward, when he saw how it really was with the young people, yielded like a sensible man. The marriage took place in a private way—clandestine, in fact, so far as Eleanor's family was concerned, several members of which, one of the young men in particular, acting afterward in a way to outrage public feeling, and draw upon them the condemnation of all thinking people.

The alienation, so far as the Leisters were concerned, was of short duration. Now that the disgrace was consummated, it was advisable to make the best of it; for was not Jacob Ward a man of large wealth, and his sons, now in business with their father, going on with him in the work of rapid accumulation? It was meet that a decaying and thriftless family should accept with some grace an alliance with a vigorous and growing one. But the Wards did not care to hold any close intimacy. The insolence and outrage of all social decencies that attended the marriage could not be forgotten, and would not be forgiven; and so the coldly courteous advances of the Leisters were repelled, and they stood apart, in mutual pride, each with a latent feeling of contempt for the other that did not lessen with time.

"Was there a mistake on either side?" "Which got the worst of the bargain?" We can not answer your questions. There was pain, humiliation, grief, on the part of both the young man and his bride in passing through the troubles that attended their marriage. Out of these Eleanor emerged through transferreuce from the old to a new family circle, in which the heart's warmth was an all-pervading atmosphere, and into a sphere of life where truth, honor, virtue, self-denial for others, and the highest moral aims were the inspiring motives. In this new atmosphere latent germs of good put forth tender leaves; there was a budding and blossoming toward higher things, and fruits of good living came in time. Of a truth, *she* lost nothing in the union, nor was her husband ever conscious of his mistake, if such a mistake were made.

And yet the reader will think with us, taking the blood, it might have been different.

TO A BIRD SINGING IN THE WOODS.

O Thrush! upon the beechen bough,
Shake thy glad wings, and sing.
All things around thy dwelling now
Bud freshly in the spring.

Through new-op'd leaves of brightest green
The flitting sunlights break;
The fern-leaves o'er the streamlets lean
The star primroses wake.

And over all the sunshine flows,
And over all thy song,
Sole breaker of the woods' repose,
Floats as we pass along.

Thou hast no past, no future, bird!
Sing on in unchecked glee;
From me shall come no harsher word
To mar thy minstrelsy.

Sing clear and shrill! 'tis good to list
Thy song of jubilee,
And in this weary world to wist
That some rejoice like thee;

Some who can dwell in simple trust
'Mid this day's leaves and flowers;
Nor taint their beauty with the dust
Of other by-gone hours.

JOHN SAYRE'S CONVERSION.

"Thar's no use talking to me, Cooper. I'm an old man, but I'm not to be fooled, I kin tell ye. We've talked this thing over 'bout enough. The time's come now for somethin' more'n talk, and, by ginger! I hope every blamed Yankee'll be druv squar out on the country."

"Why what have they done, Doctor, that you want to drive 'em out. These same Yankees are the working bees of the South. They ain't lazy, are they?"

"Lazy! I wish to thunder they was. It's my opinion that if they was a bit lazier they'd make less diffikilty. They're the hull time a snoopin round, up stars an' down stars, an' in my lady's chamber, to see what they kin poke out to make a dime on."

"That's no fault, Doctor, so long as they're honest. You don't mean to say they're not honest, do you?"

"Honest! What d'ye call honest? Kin a man be honest that'll steal niggers? Answer me that, an' I'll talk to ye."

"No, perhaps not. Maybe not if he trades in them either."

"There ye go agin with your cursed abolition idees. It's my 'pinion, George Cooper, that old Tennessee ain't big enough to hold you. If you vally yer hide it's like enough it'll be safer for you outside the State limits."

"I'm much obliged to you, Doctor, for the advice, but I think I shall stay in Nashville yet a while. I've done business honestly in this town six years, and I don't believe any body's going to trouble me now because I don't happen to be of the same opinion as themselves."

"Ye don't, eh! Well, Sir, there's been smarter fellers nor you toted around on a rail, and treated free to tar for less nor you've said this day. Now it's my advice to you to get some dirt betwixt you an' Nashville jist as soon as the Lord'll let ye, and take that white-faced sister of yourn along too."

A smile had been upon the face of George Cooper until the last few words, but it vanished in an instant, and a flush lit up his features and sparkled in his eye. That some strong controlling spirit was at work checking his tongue, and possibly his hand toward the speaker, was very apparent. He looked him steadily for an instant in the eye, until that of the old man quailed, and then with a slight gesture of contempt turned aside, stepped out toward the road, unhitched his horse, and drove away.

George Cooper was a Massachusetts man. Six years before he had settled in Nashville to follow a mercantile career, and success had crowned his labor. Three years before, upon the death of his mother, George Cooper had brought to a new Southern home an only sister, Clara, a type of Northern beauty, pure and pale, but still possessing the Northern traits of industry and activity. Around this sister his love clung with a devotion that admitted no compromise. He could bear the slurs and half-uttered threats of Doctor John Sayre on himself, but when even a whisper fell upon Clara he was ready to have offered up the offender to immolation in expiation of the offense.

We have said that some strong controlling spirit was at work checking his tongue and possibly his hand. We will explain.

Doctor John Sayre was a physician of the old Southwestern school. It would no doubt have puzzled Doctor John to have shown a diploma, had he been obliged to collect his fees by process of law. He had settled in Tennessee in the early days when a little learning went a long way, and a soap pill was swallowed without analyzation. He had been a careful man, having married a plantation with fifty negroes, to say nothing of the encumbrance of a wife, within five miles of Nashville, which, after careful nursing—the plantation, not the wife—of quarter of a century, had not decreased in value. At the time of our writing Doctor John Sayre found himself a widower with one son, Willis Sayre, and about one hundred thousand dollars of the world's goods to take care of. There was one line of study in which Doctor John delighted beyond all others, medicine included, which was, the false political economy preached daily through the Southern press and by Southern demagogues, all tending to the theory that the product of his plantation was essential to the life of the world, and must be had, at whatever risk and cost.

"Look'ee hyar, Sir!" Doctor John would argue, "do you see that thar head o' cotton? The day'll come, Sir, when that ar article will fetch double what it fetches now. That thar day will come, Sir, by ginger! It'll come, Sir, jist as soon as these hyar States con-clude to sep-e-rate from yer cussed dickering, swapping, Yankee arrangement up North. They kin do it, Sir, and, by ginger, they will do it!"

"But, Doctor," some political economist would answer, "don't you know that the great trouble with the cotton-using world just now is that the article is too high, and that they are trying, with might and main, to find some place upon the face of the earth where it can be cultivated cheaper by substituting free labor."

"Free labor!" shouts Doctor John; "free labor can't make cotton, Sir. An' if they could, Sir, d'ye mean to say that free labor is cheaper'an niggers? The idee is pre-pos-tu-rous, stran-ger."

"I mean to say, Doctor, that you Southern planters are at this moment paying 33 per cent. more for your labor than Northern farmers, and running more risks with it."

"The thing's im-possible, Sir!" says Doctor John, with a mighty thump on the table; "it can't be proved."

"See here, Doctor, what do you give for a first-class field hand?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars, Sir," says Doctor John, with slight exultation.

"Very well, Sir, the interest on that money by Southern rule, or in fact by any rule, would be 10 per cent., or one hundred and fifty dollars per annum. You insure him for two-thirds his value, still risking five hundred dollars; this costs you fifteen dollars per annum. You clothe him; that costs you twenty-five dollars. You pay his doctor's bills; that costs you five dollars a year; and you find him in tobacco and perhaps sundry other trifles we won't name, but set them down at five dollars. Foot that up, Doctor, and you will find it comes to exactly $200. Besides which you lose the work of Master Cuffee when he is too sick or lazy. Now then, Doctor, the Northern farmer goes into the labor market and buys his stout, able man, for exactly ten dollars per month, and takes no further expense or risk upon him. I have said nothing in my calculation about feeding, but it is well understood that both men have to be fed. Run up that column Doctor and see if I'm right; one hundred and twenty against two hundred."

"The thing's all a theory, Sir!" the Doctor will shout with another mighty thump, by the way of dismissing it. "By ginger, I mean to stick to my niggers, Sir! and make 'em stick to me too, Sir!"

It would have been a cold blow to Doctor John to have told him that his son, on whom he had built such strong hopes that he would inherit, with the plantation, all his father's opinions, including his bitter hatred of Yankees, was at heart exactly his opposite; and yet the father had strange suspicions that all was not right—or rather wrong—with his son's political proclivities. Argument never arose between them, for Willis was too wise for that; but there was no lack of those among the neighbors who could hint to the old man enough for him to hang his doubts upon.

There were also those who did not hesitate to speak out openly, and say that since the advent of Clara Cooper great changes had come to pass with Willis Sayre, and that he was strongly given to raise his voice in remonstrance when any ultra measure of Southern rights was urged; and some even went so far as to accuse him of the rank heresy of Unionism.

There was no denying the fact that Willis Sayre was charmed with the blue eyes and Northern beauty of Clara Cooper. Before she had arrived at her Tennessee home Willis and George had been warm friends, and many times had the sister been the subject of their conversation, until it seemed to Willis, when they did meet, that he was greeting an old friend, or one whom he had loved in the past. It was not strange that from such antecedents a love should grow that defied all surroundings, and flourished in spite of the opposition of Doctor John.

All this is the key to the last injunction of Dr. John Sayre to George Cooper, that he should "get some dirt betwixt you an' Nashville, jist as soon as the Lord'll let ye; and take that white-faced sister of yourn along too." It grated harshly upon the ear and the temper of Cooper, as he rode on from the plantation to Nashville, and through all that day he knew that it must disturb his usually quiet manner, if he could judge from the anxious looks that came in a furtive way from Clara every time she glanced at his face. George Cooper was sufficiently posted in the operations of Vigilance Committees and patriotic Southern Rights men to feel that he was sleeping upon a volcano, which might burst upon his head with deadly fierceness at any moment that Doctor John or his compatriots chose to denounce him as an Abolitionist, or even as a Unionist. The States had not yet reached an open outbreak, but to such quondam friends of the South as the Doctor it was a consummation industriously worked for and ardently wished; and already Cooper had been looked on with no very friendly eyes by his neighbors, who were anxious that he should make one of the squads who met for drill, ostensibly and openly to overthrow the Federal Government.

It was upon the evening of this day, and George Cooper sat smoking thoughtfully upon the piazza of his own home, while his sister was touching, in a listless way, the piano, and looking occasionally out through the windows that communicated with the spot where her brother sat. There was another cause for anxiety, besides the disturbed face she was watching, to trouble Clara Cooper. It was as absolute that Willis should ride in each evening from the plantation as that her brother should be present, and upon this, though the hour was fast growing toward ten, he had not arrived. Her mind, though untutored upon either cause, immediately evolved the belief that both were connected, and that the troubled face of her brother and the absence of Willis boded no good.

While the city time was striking ten, and Clara was in the act of rising from the piano, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard at a distance clattering upon the stones of the street. Clara started and strained her ear to listen, for the tread of Willis's horse was as well known to her ears as was his own; and that was surely it, though why so late, or with such speed, was more than she could divine.

She had little time for thought—the rider came on too rapid, and in a few minutes stood in her presence. His face was flushed, and his whole appearance testified high excitement. Without waiting for greetings, he spoke hurriedly:

"Clara—George, I am sorry to bring you bad news, and from such a source; but you must hear it, and act upon it as quickly and as calmly as possible. You have been denounced to the Vigilance Committee, and that by my father. I have the knowledge from one who is deep in their secrets, but who is also too deep in my friendship to allow my friends to suffer. You have been denounced, and perhaps before to-morrow morning you may be in the hands of some of those desperate men who will make no distinction between yourself and Clara. You must get away from this, and I have provided the means. You must make the best of your way to Paducah or Cairo, and you must reach Bellville to-night. Listen to me: follow my directions strictly and you will not regret it. Gather such necessary things as you must carry with you, and within an hour walk quietly away from this house; follow this street out, and about a mile from here, close by the old flouring-mill, you will find my man Jack with horses. I shall be there as soon as yourselves. Be quick and quiet, and God guard you!"

He was gone in an instant, and both George and Clara knew well that all he said was truth, and that only on him could they rely for aid in this emergency. They did not consider long, but within half an hour from the time of Willis's departure the two were fugitives, leaving every thing in their home as it stood, bearing away only articles of jewelry, money, and a few pieces of clothing, such as were absolutely necessary for immediate need.

The streets were quiet, and the distance to the old mill was soon traversed, where stood Jack with two horses, besides the one upon which he was mounted.

"It's marster's orders, Sah! You is to ride right on to'ards Bellville, an' I is to go wid ye, Sah! Marster Willis is to jine de party somewhar on de road."

The master's orders were complied with, and five miles out of Nashville, by a cross road, came Willis Sayre. For some time, after the first greetings were over, they rode on in silence, until they were within a mile or two of Bellville, when George Cooper reined up to a walk and addressed Willis.

"Now, my dear boy, we must part here. I can not suffer you to commit yourself farther for our sakes. Should you ride with us into Bellville, you will be known as having assisted at our escape; as it is now, we can surrender our horses to Jack's care outside the town, and from that point we can go on alone."

Willis gave a little, low, chuckling laugh.

"You are arranging it well, my dear fellow, but my consent has to be obtained as yet. I don't go back, George. My lot is with you and my country. I shall get away from the soil where I am not allowed to speak like a freeman, and if needs be, gird on the sword in striving to obtain that freedom."

George was silent for a few moments, and then grasping the hand of his friend he answered,

"Willis, if I could have had my choice of all things in this world in my present position, it would have been that which you have just proffered. I shall say nothing to dissuade you; I have no right, and certainly have no will to do so. If it should come to that, we will go side by side into the field for our country's sake."

With a rapid license we will pass over the events of the next year. Sumter had fallen, and a nation had sprung to arms. Among the first who responded to the call was George Cooper and Willis Sayre. The call of the two refugees was like a trumpet-note to twenty score of exiles like themselves, and within a few weeks Major Cooper and Captain Sayre rode at the head of a battalion whose highest ambition was to retrace their steps triumphantly to States from which they had been ostracized. Weeks and months passed away, and step by step the gallant band under Buell fought its way on. The deeds performed are part of undying history. Wherever danger was, there might be found the refugee band; and for many a gallant bit of work did Major Cooper and Captain Sayre receive the commendation of their commander.

At last came the fall of Donelson, the stronghold of rebel power, and the crash shook the whole land. One of the first that sprang over the line of works was Willis Sayre. Those who were with him said that his wild shout for the "Union and Old Tennessee" did more toward quickening the flying feet of the rebels than any thing else. That night, when the work was done, and hands were grasped over the camp-fire in hope for the future, and congratulations for the foothold gained upon the soil from which they had been obliged to flee, George and Willis sat dreaming of the time, one year before, when they had gone forth without knowing whither their steps tended. Within a few days they would be once more in Nashville; George to attempt the recovery of the property he had been obliged to surrender to sack and plunder, and Willis to find the old plantation on which he was born, and his father, perhaps, a fugitive.

Scouts were coming in from all directions, and small parties returning from reconnoitring expeditions, bringing in sometimes prisoners, sometimes captured provision or materiel.

"Major," said a sergeant, touching his cap, "we have a squad of secesh here that we've just brought; an old man and four soldiers. The old man swears like a trooper that he's a non-combatant—whatever that is—but we thought it best to bring him along, though he tried mighty hard to get off. We've just caged him down below here in an empty wagon, under guard, until we made our report."

"Come, Willis, let us stretch our legs a little on Old Tennessee again. Let us go down and question our prisoner. Perhaps we may get something new."

Hardly a stone's-throw away from the camp the white canvas tops of the army wagons were glistening in the moonlight, and the one containing the prisoner prominent by the guard mounted over it. As they approached they could hear the voice of the prisoner in high altercation with the guard.

"Whar's yer gineral, I say. Take my compliments to him, and say that I'm a non-combatant. D'ye hear? Jist mention to him that Doctor John Sayre of Nashville, Tennessee, is hyar, an' pertests agin being made a prisoner of war. I'm a gentleman, d'ye see. Tell him that."

There was no mistaking that voice, even had the name not been announced, and George and Willis stood astounded and listened to the harangue of the pseudo-patriot. At last George, motioning Willis to keep in the back-ground, advanced toward the wagon, knowing that he could trust to the uniform for concealment.

"Here's the 'gineral,' squire!" was the greeting of the sergeant, pointing out the Major to the prisoner.

"Ah! gineral, I'm glad to see ye," was Doctor John's rather feeble response. "Some o' your boys have picked me up to-night, and, by ginger, they talked of hangin me right out o' hand. I told 'em I was a gentleman an' a non-combatant, but they didn't seem to mind that."

"You ought to have hurrahed for the Union. They would have understood that," was George's gruff answer.

This was a bitter joke for Doctor John, but he swallowed it with a ghastly smile, and returned once more to the attack, with,

"Why, d'ye see, gineral, I'm a non-combatant, and can't according to that be made a prisoner of war."

"Are you a Union man?" was George's poser; which the Doctor dodged with,

"D'ye see, gineral, I warn't taken with arms in my hands."

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance?"

"It won't do, gineral, d'ye see, to keep me prisoner, and send me up North, because in that case I sha'n't be home in time to put in a crap."

"Are you willing to take the oath of allegiance?" repeated George.

The Doctor gulped heavily, and thrust his head well out through the seven-by-nine aperture in the back of the wagon, and then went on,

"'Twould be too bad, gineral, by ginger! to keep a man that is struglin to git on in the world a prisoner, when it is jist comin time for crap."

"Once more, and the last time, I ask you if you are willing to take the oath?" said George, in a very decided tone.

"Wa'al, stranger—gineral, I mean—by ginger, yes!"

"Very well then, you shall have your liberty, Doctor, and go home. Release the prisoner, men. I'll take him to the quarters and swear him myself."

George, Willis, and Doctor John were soon upon their way, the two first keeping the capes of their overcoats well up to their faces, the last grum and silent. When they were out of other hearing George came close beside the Doctor.

"Doctor, there is one other item in the terms upon which I shall give you liberty."

"What is it?" asked the Doctor, in an anxious tone, trying hard to peer into the muffled face beside him.

"You must consent to the marriage of your son to my white-faced sister."

The Doctor jumped as though he had been shot, and was speechless.

"You had better do it, father," said Willis, coming out into the front and dropping the cape from his face. "Cooper's commanding officer to-night, and must be obeyed."

"Wa'al, by ginger! this is a con-spi-ra-cy!" shouted Doctor John, half in fright, half in astonishment.

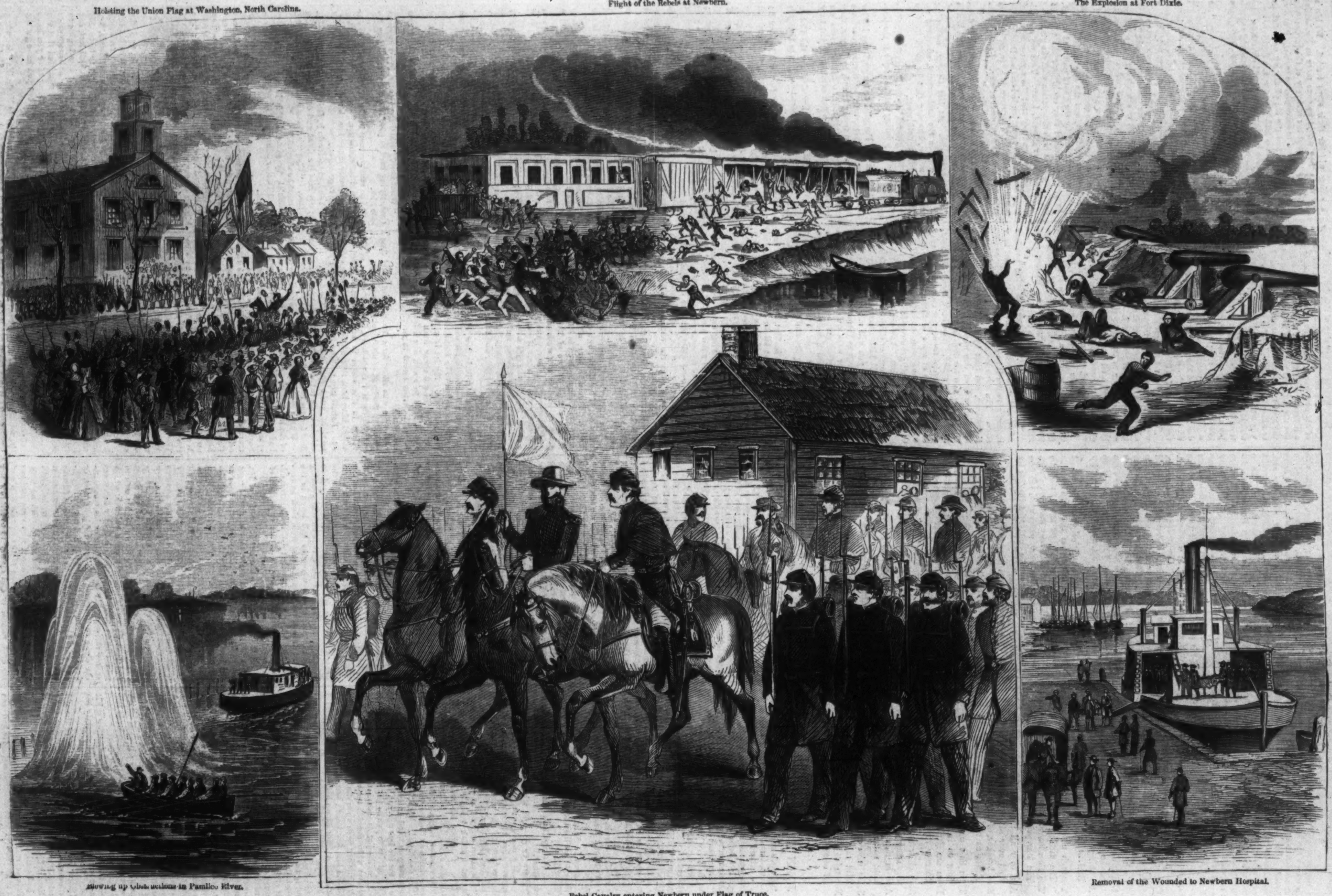
"Better keep quiet, Doctor," was George's caution; "if you become known as secesh nothing can save you from Cairo and safe-keeping till the end of the war. I must be sure that you are sound on your loyalty before I can vouch for you."

"Oh, well! go on," groaned Doctor John; "ye kin jist do as ye please, but, by ginger! I'll never have any thing more to do with the cussed thing either one way or t'other."

"Well said; and now, Doctor, for the oath, and then 'onward to Nashville.'"

A few days later and George, Willis, and the Doctor were in Nashville, gathering together the wreck of Cooper's property, in which they are much assisted by Doctor John's anti-Union friends, for, as the Doctor argues, since I've got to have this gal for a daughter-in-law, I might as well look out for the main chance. The Doctor also begins to confess that he likes Yankees better as he sees more of them, though he has not yet admitted that the charm lies in liking a man better after you have fought with him, especially when you have got the worst of it.

There will be a wedding in Nashville this spring, as soon as things are sufficiently settled to allow Clara to return.



Hoisting the Union Flag at Washington, North Carolina.

Flight of the Rebels at Newbern.

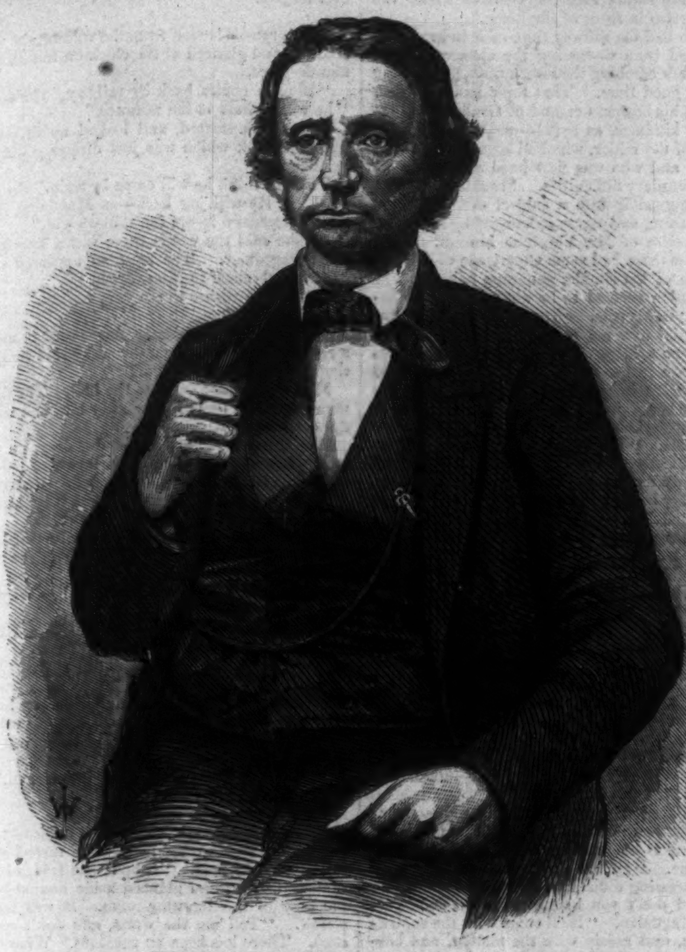
The Explosion at Fort Dixie.

Blowing up Obstructions in Pamlico River.

Rebel Cavalry entering Newbern under Flag of Truce.

Removal of the Wounded to Newbern Hospital.

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—SCENES AT NEWBERN AND WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY MR. ANGELO WISER.—[SEE PAGE 254.]



PARSON BROWNLOW, THE EXILE FROM TENNESSEE.

PARSON BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE.

HEREWITH we publish a portrait of the famous PARSON BROWNLOW OF TENNESSEE, whose escape out of the hands of the rebels is the subject of so much comment. The following sketch of the Parson's life has been prepared by one of his friends:

William G. Brownlow was born in Wythe County, Virginia, August 5, 1805. His parents were poor, and died when he was about ten years old. They were both Virginians, and his father was a school-mate of General Houston, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his parents he lived with his mother's relations, and was raised to hard labor until he was some eighteen years old, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpenter.

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those branches taught in the common-schools of the country. He entered the Traveling Ministry, in 1826, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and traveled ten years without intermission, and was a member of the General Conference held in Philadelphia. He was untiring in his energy, and availed himself of the advantages of the Methodist Itinerancy to study and improve his education, which he did in all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution as any man ever had. He has no gray hairs in his head, and will pass for a man of thirty-five years. He has had the strongest voice of any man in East Tennessee, where he has resided for the last thirty years, and raised an interesting family, He has been speaking all that time, taking a part in all the controversies of the day.

He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. Graves, in Nashville. Brownlow's work was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, and something like 100,000 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great severity, but of marked ability.

In 1858 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Mr. Prym, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with marked ability, exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the vexed question in all its bearings. The debate, a volume of some four hundred pages, is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson;" but no man is more peaceable, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more charitable, and few, of his means—for he is not rich—give away as much in the course of a year.

He is quite a politician, though he has never been an office-seeker or an office-holder. He commenced his political career in Tennessee in 1828, by espousing the cause of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life an ardent Whig, and Clay and Webster were his standards of political orthodoxy. His paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, which he has edited for twenty-two years, had the largest circulation of any political paper in Tennessee, and exerted a controlling influence in the politics of the State.

The correspondent of the Louisville *Journal*, who met him at Nashville, received from him the following account of his sufferings under the rule of the secessionists:

Shortly after the persecution of his secession enemies compelled the Parson to suspend the publication of the *Whig* he was prevailed upon by his friends, who, more than himself, feared for his personal security, to act upon an intimation of the readiness of the rebel authorities to grant him a safe-conduct to the North, and set himself in communication with the Secretary of War at Richmond. The result was, that in the last days of November the military commander at Knoxville received instructions to provide an escort, under which Brownlow was to be taken to the nearest Federal lines. Accordingly he commenced to prepare for his involuntary visit to the North, and was about ready to start when, notwithstanding his agreement with Benjamin, he was arrested by the civil authorities upon the charge of treason, based upon certain editorials in the *Whig*. He was taken to the county jail, thronged at that time with Unionists, imprisoned on suspicion of having participated in the bridge-burning in the early part of November, and confined in a moist, narrow, poorly lighted and ventilated dungeon with twenty-four others. There were neither beds nor chairs provided, nor was there room for all to lie down at one time. The food was of the meanest character—"such," to speak with the Parson, "as no gentleman would think good enough to throw to his dog." To be short, the treatment of all the prisoners was as harsh and inhuman as ever disgraced the Austrian dungeons in Italy. It told soon severely upon the health of the Parson, and after a month he was stricken down with typhoid fever. Permission being granted by the rebel prosecuting attorney, he was removed to his private residence. Here he was laid up for nearly eight weeks. Notwithstanding his prostration by sickness the rebel surveillance over him did not stop. His house was surrounded day and night by guards. His friends were never allowed to visit him, and the members of his family were not permitted to leave the premises except under guard. Nor was this all. Open insults and threats were offered by the rebel soldiery whenever opportunity afforded. At one time a company of cavalry that had been in the battle of Fishing Creek, and never stopped running until they got to Knoxville, and passing the house when the Parson's wife was looking out of the windows, one of the troopers rode up to her, and insultingly asked, "Are you not ashamed to be the wife of that damned traitor and Lincolnite?" Whereupon the ready-witted woman at once replied: "I am glad that I am not the wife of a miserable coward that ran away from a battle-field."

Feeling strong enough to travel, about three weeks ago the Parson again wrote to Benjamin, complaining of the bad faith with which he had been treated, and reminding the Secretary of War of the promise of a safe-conduct to the Federal lines. A week elapsed, when the post commander at Knoxville received a dispatch directing the Parson to be released from confinement, and to be taken to the nearest Federal outposts over the route most convenient to him, and under an escort of his own choice. In pursuance to this order the Parson left Knoxville some twelve days since, accompanied by his doctor, and escorted by Lieutenant O'Brien, an officer in the army, and relative of his wife. The party proceeded by rail, *via* Chattanooga, to Shelbyville, in Bedford County, in the southern part of this State. Here they were detained ten days by Morgan's Cavalry, who were engaged in removing a large quantity of bacon and beef stored in the town, and had orders from General Hardee not to allow any one to pass their lines until the whole of the meat had been got away. At last the party were permitted to proceed overland, under a flag of truce, to the pickets of General Wood's Division. General Wood at once sent them, under escort, to the city. Parson Brownlow proceeded immediately to the head-quarters of General Buell, with whom he had a long interview; afterward repaired to the St. Cloud Hotel, where his room has been crowded all the afternoon by friends and strangers, congratulating him upon his arrival and listening to the story of his sufferings.

The Parson states that the Union sentiment in the Eastern District is as ardent, devoted, and uncompromising as ever; that tens of thousands of men will spring to arms as soon as the Federal troops will make their appearance. The day of vengeance is most earnestly prayed for by them, and they will visit powerful retribution upon the heads of all their persecutors.

At Cincinnati the heroic old exile gave an account of his sufferings. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* thus reported him:

He gave a touching narrative of his sufferings in prison, of his illness, and the care with which the guards placed over him were doubled when he was so sick he could not turn in bed without assistance. The jail was crowded with Union men. Many sickened and perished miserably in it, and others were taken out and hung. General Carroll, of the Confederate army, who was at one time a great friend of his, being a Union man until a late period, visited him in jail, and said to him: "Brownlow, you ought not to be here." "So I think," the Parson responded; "but here I am." The General said the Confederate Court was sitting within a hundred yards of the jail, and if he would take the oath of allegiance he should be immediately liberated. "Sir," said the Parson, looking him steadily in the eye, "before I will take the oath of allegiance to your bogus Government I will rot in jail, or die here of old age. I don't acknowledge you have a Court. I don't acknowledge you have a Government. It has never been acknowledged by any Power on earth, and never will be. Before I would take the oath I would see the whole Southern Confederacy in the infernal regions, and you on top of it!"

The General indignantly left the jail, remarking, "That is d—d plain talk." "Yes, Sir-ee," said the Parson. "I am a plain man, and them's my sentiments." Frequently men were taken out of the jail and hung, and the secesh rabble would howl at him, and tell him, as he looked out from the jail windows, that he was to be hung next. He told them from those windows that he was ready to go to the gallows, and all he asked was one hour's talk to the people before he was swung off, that he might give them his opinion of the mob called the Southern Confederacy. The Parson said he expected to be hanged. He had made up his mind to it. At one time he was tried by Court-martial, and in the decision of his case he was within one vote of being sentenced to be hung. There was nothing between him and the gallows but the will of one man, and him a secessionist. Great God, on what a slender thread hung everlasting things! The jails in East Tennessee and North Alabama were overfull of Union men. The Union men there had never flinched. They stood firm now. The Government, whatever else it did, should immediately relieve them from the grinding and destroying oppression of secession. He related an instance of a young man named John C. Hurd, an exemplary citizen and church-member, with a wife and two little children, who was convicted of bridge-burning. He was notified but one hour before he was hung that he was to be executed. He asked for a minister of the Gospel to come and sing and pray with him, but was told that praying would not do traitors to the South any good, and he was thus insultingly refused his dying request. But the rebels sent with him to the gallows a miserable, drunken, and demoralized chaplain of one of their regiments, who stood on the gallows and told the crowd assembled to see the hanging that the young man about to be executed had been led into the commission of the crimes for which he was to suffer by designing men, and was sorry for what he had done. The man about to be hung sprang to his feet, and called out that every word the chaplain had uttered was false. He was the identical man who had burned the New Creek bridge. He knew what he was about when he did it, and would do it again if he had a chance. They might go on with their hanging. He was ready for it. And they hung him forthwith. The Parson told of an inoffensive citizen, who was pointed out to a party of straggling soldiers, while at work in a field, as a "d—d Unionist." He was at once fired upon, and so mangled that he died within a few hours.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

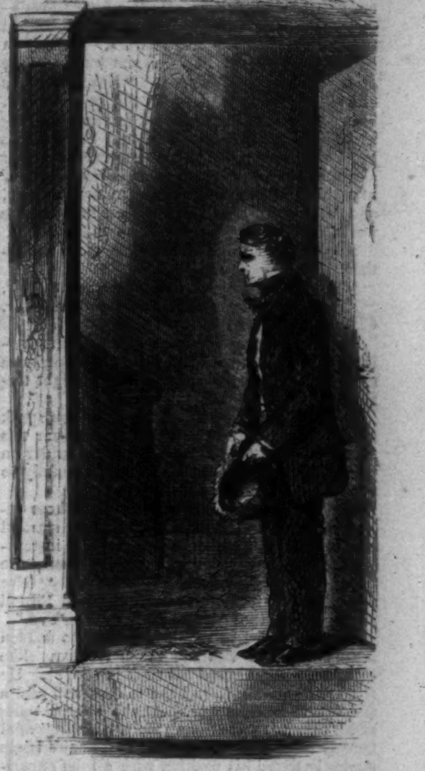
NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER X.

ON returning to the house Magdalen felt her shoulder suddenly touched from behind as she crossed the hall. She turned and confronted her sister. Before she could ask any questions Norah confusedly addressed her in these words: "I beg your pardon; I beg you to forgive me."

Magdalen looked at her sister in astonishment. All memory, on her side, of the sharp words which had passed between them in the shrubbery, was lost in the new interests that now absorbed her; lost as completely as if the angry interview had never taken place. "Forgive you!" she repeated, amazedly, "What for?"

"I have heard of your new prospects," pursued Norah, speaking with a mechanical submissiveness of manner which seemed almost ungracious; "I wished to set things right between us; I wished to say I was sorry for what happened. Will you forget it? Will you forget and forgive what happened in the shrubbery?" She tried to proceed; but her inveterate reserve—or perhaps her obstinate reliance on her own opinions—silenced her at those last words. Her face clouded over on a sudden. Before her sister could answer her she turned away abruptly and ran up stairs.

The door of the library opened before Magdalen could follow her, and Miss Garth advanced to express the sentiments proper to the occasion.

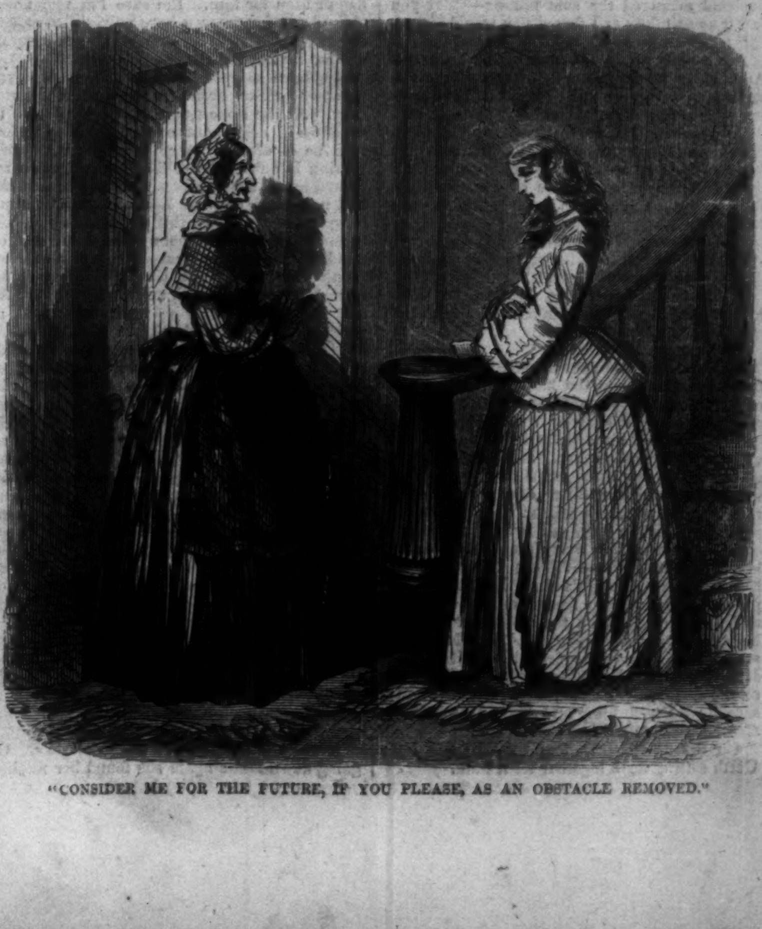
They were not the mechanically-submissive sentiments which Magdalen had just heard. Norah had struggled against her rooted distrust of Frank, in deference to the unanswerable decision of both her parents in his favor; and had suppressed the open expression of her antipathy, though the feeling itself remained unconquered. Miss Garth had made no such concession to the master and mistress of the house. She had hitherto held the position of a high authority on all domestic questions; and she flatly declined to get off her pedestal in deference to any change in the family circumstances, no matter how amazing or how unexpected that change might be.

"Pray accept my congratulations," said Miss Garth, bristling all over with implied objections to Frank—"my congratulations, *and* my apologies. When I caught you kissing Mr. Francis Clare in the summer-house I had no idea you were engaged in carrying out the intentions of your parents. I offer no opinion on the subject. I merely regret my own accidental appearance in the character of an Obstacle to the course of true love—which appears to run smooth in summer-houses, whatever Shakspeare may say to the contrary. Consider me for the future, if you please, as an Obstacle removed. May you be happy!" Miss Garth's lips closed on that last sentence like a trap; and Miss Garth's eyes looked ominously prophetic into the matrimonial future.

If Magdalen's anxieties had not been far too serious to allow her the customary free use of her tongue she would have been ready, on the instant, with an appropriately satirical answer. As it was, Miss Garth simply irritated her. "Pooh!" she said, and ran up stairs to her sister's room.

She knocked at the door, and there was no answer. She tried the door, and it resisted her from the inside. The sullen, unmanageable Norah was locked in.

Under other circumstances Magdalen would not have been satisfied with knocking—she would have called through the door loudly and more loudly till the house was disturbed, and she had carried her point. But the doubts and fears of the morning had unnerved her already. She went down stairs again softly, and took her hat from the stand in the hall. "He told me to put my hat on," she said to herself, with a meek, filial docility which was totally out of her character.



"CONSIDER ME FOR THE FUTURE, IF YOU PLEASE, AS AN OBSTACLE REMOVED."

She went into the garden, on the shrubbery side, and waited there to catch the first sight of her father on his return. Half an hour passed—forty minutes passed—and then his voice reached her from among the distant trees. "Come in to heel!" she heard him call out loudly to the dog. Her face turned pale. "He's angry with Snap!" she exclaimed to herself, in a whisper. The next minute he appeared in view, walking rapidly, with his head down, and Snap at his heels in disgrace. The sudden excess of her alarm as she observed those ominious signs of something wrong rallied her natural energy, and determined her desperately on knowing the worst.

She walked straight forward to meet her father.

"Your face tells your news," she said, faintly. "Mr. Clare has been as heartless as usual—Mr. Clare has said No?"

Her father turned on her with a sudden severity so entirely unparalleled in her experience of him that she started back in downright terror.

"Magdalen!" he said, "whenever you speak of my old friend and neighbor again, bear this in mind. Mr. Clare has just laid me under an obligation which I shall remember gratefully to the end of my life."

He stopped suddenly after saying those remarkable words. Seeing that he had startled her, his natural kindness prompted him instantly to soften the reproof, and to end the suspense from which she was plainly suffering. "Give me a kiss, my love," he resumed, "and I'll tell you in return that Mr. Clare has said—Yes."

She attempted to thank him, but the sudden luxury of relief was too much for her. She could only cling round his neck in silence. He felt her trembling from head to foot, and said a few words to calm her. At the altered tones of his master's voice Snap's meek tail reappeared fiercely from between his legs, and Snap's lungs modestly tested his position with a brief experimental bark. The dog's quaintly appropriate assertion of himself on his old footing was the interruption of all others which was best fitted to restore Magdalen to herself. She caught the shaggy little terrier up in her arms and kissed *him* next. "You darling," she exclaimed, "you're almost as glad as I am!" She turned again to her father with a look of tender reproach. "You frightened me, papa," she said. "You were so unlike yourself."

"I shall be right again to-morrow, my dear. I am a little upset to-day."

"Not by me?"

"No, no."

"By something you have heard at Mr. Clare's?"

"Yes—nothing you need alarm yourself about; nothing that won't wear off by to-morrow. Let me go now, my dear, I have a letter to write; and I want to speak to your mother."

He left her and went on to the house. Magdalen lingered a little on the lawn to feel all the happiness of her new sensations, then turned away toward the shrubbery to enjoy the higher luxury of communicating them. The dog followed her. She whistled and clapped her hands. "Find him!" she said, with beaming eyes. "Find Frank!" Snap scampered into the shrubbery, with a blood-thirsty snarl at starting. Perhaps he had mistaken his young mistress, and considered himself her emissary in search of a rat?

Meanwhile Mr. Vanstone entered the house. He met his wife, slowly descending the stairs, and advanced to give her his arm. "How has it ended?" she asked anxiously, as he led her to the sofa.

"Happily—as we hoped it would," answered her husband. "My old friend has justified my opinion of him."

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Vanstone, fervently. "Did you feel it, love?" she asked, as her husband arranged the sofa pillows—"did you feel it as painfully as I feared you would?"

"I had a duty to do, my dear—and I did it."

After replying in those terms he hesitated. Apparently he had something more to say—something perhaps on the subject of that passing uneasiness of mind which had been produced by his interview with Mr. Clare, and which Magdalen's questions had obliged him to acknowledge. A look at his wife decided his doubts in the negative. He only asked if she felt comfortable, and then turned away to leave the room.

"Must you go?" she asked.

"I have a letter to write, my dear."

"Any thing about Frank?"

"No: to-morrow will do for that. A letter to Mr. Pendril; I want him here immediately."

"Business, I suppose?"

"Yes, my dear—business."

He went out and shut himself into the little front room, close to the hall-door, which was called his study. By nature and habit the most procrastinating of letter-writers, he now inconsistently opened his desk and took up the pen without a moment's delay. His letter was long enough to occupy three pages of note-paper; it was written with a readiness of expression and a rapidity of hand which seldom characterized his proceedings when engaged over his ordinary correspondence. He wrote the address as follows: "Immediate:—William Pendril, Esq., Searle Street, Lincoln's Inn, London"—then pushed the letter away from him, and sat at the table, drawing lines on the blotting-paper with his pen, lost in thought. "No," he said to himself; "I can do nothing more till Pendril comes." He rose; his face brightened as he put the stamp on the envelope. The writing of the letter had sensibly relieved him, and his whole bearing showed it as he left the room.

On the door-step he found Norah and Miss Garth setting forth together for a walk.

"Which way are you going?" he asked. "Any where near the post-office? I wish you would post this letter for me, Norah. It is very important—so important, that I hardly like to trust it to Thomas as usual."

Norah at once took charge of the letter.

"If you look, my dear," continued her father, "you will see that I am writing to Mr. Pendril. I expect him here to-morrow afternoon. Will you give the necessary directions, Miss Garth? Mr. Pendril will sleep here to-morrow night, and stay over Sunday.—Wait a minute! To-day is Friday. Surely I had an engagement for Saturday afternoon?" He consulted his pocket-book, and read over one of the entries with a look of annoyance. "Grailsea Mill, three o'clock, Saturday. Just the time when Pendril will be here; and I *must* be at home to see him. How can I manage it? Monday will be too late for my business at Grailsea. I'll go to-day instead, and take my chance of catching the miller at his dinner-time." He looked at his watch. "No time for driving; I must do it by railway. If I go at once I shall catch the down-train at our station, and get on to Grailsea. Take care of the letter, Norah. I won't keep dinner waiting; if the return train doesn't suit I'll borrow a gig and get back in that way."

As he took up his hat Magdalen appeared at the door, returning from her interview with Frank. The hurry of her father's movements attracted her attention, and she asked him where he was going.

"To Grailsea," replied Mr. Vanstone. "Your business, Miss Magdalen, has got in the way of mine, and mine must give way to it."

He spoke those parting words in his old hearty manner, and left them, with the old characteristic flourish of his trusty stick.

"My business!" said Magdalen. "I thought my business was done."

Miss Garth pointed significantly to the letter in Norah's hand. "Your business, beyond all doubt," she said. "Mr. Pendril is coming to-morrow; and Mr. Vanstone seems remarkably anxious about it. Law and its attendant troubles already! Governesses who look in at summer-house doors are not the only obstacles to the course of true love. Parchment is sometimes an obstacle. I hope you may find Parchment as pliable as I am—I wish you well through it. Now, Norah!"

Miss Garth's second shaft struck as harmless as the first. Magdalen had returned to the house a little vexed; her interview with Frank having been interrupted by a messenger from Mr. Clare, sent to summon the son into the father's presence. Although it had been agreed at the private interview between Mr. Vanstone and Mr. Clare that the questions discussed that morning should not be communicated to the children until the year of probation was at an end—and although, under these circumstances, Mr. Clare had nothing to tell Frank which Magdalen could not communicate to him much more agreeably—the philosopher was not the less resolved on personally informing his son of the parental concession which rescued him from Chinese exile. The result was a sudden summons to the cottage which startled Magdalen, but which did not appear to take Frank by surprise. His filial experience penetrated the mystery of Mr. Clare's motives easily enough. "When my father's in spirits," he said, sulkily, "he likes to bully me about my good luck. This message means that he's going to bully me now."

"Don't go," suggested Magdalen.

"I must," rejoined Frank. "I shall never hear the last of it if I don't. He's primed and loaded, and he means to go off. He went off once, when the engineer took me; he went off twice, when the office in the City took me; and he's going off thrice, now *you've* taken me. If it wasn't for you I should wish I had never been born. Yes, your father's been kind to me, I know—and I should have gone to China if it hadn't been for him. I'm sure I'm very much obliged. Of course we have no right to expect any thing else—still it's discouraging to keep us waiting a year, isn't it?"

Magdalen stopped his mouth by a summary process to which even Frank submitted gratefully. At the same time she did not forget to set down his discontent to the right side. "How fond he is of me!" she thought. "A year's waiting is quite a hardship to him." She returned to the house, secretly regretting that she had not heard more of Frank's complimentary complaints. Miss Garth's elaborate satire, addressed to her while she was in this frame of mind, was a purely gratuitous waste of Miss Garth's breath. What did Magdalen care for satire? What do Youth and Love ever care for except themselves? She never even said as much as "Pooh!" this time. She laid aside her hat in serene silence, and sauntered languidly into the morning-room to keep her mother company. She lunched on dire forebodings of a quarrel between Frank and his father, with accidental interruptions in the shape of cold chicken and cheese-cakes. She trifled away half an hour at the piano; and played, in that time, selections from the Songs of Mendelssohn, the Mazurkas of Chopin, the Operas of Verdi, and the Sonatas of Mozart—all of whom had combined together on this occasion, and produced one immortal work, entitled "Frank." She closed the piano and went up to her room to dream away the hours luxuriously in visions of her married future. The green shutters were closed, the easy chair was pushed in front of the glass, the maid was summoned as usual, and the comb assisted the mistress's reflections, through the medium of the mistress's hair, till heat and idleness asserted their narcotic influences together, and Magdalen fell asleep.

It was past three o'clock when she woke. On going down stairs again she found her mother, Norah, and Miss Garth all sitting together enjoying the shade and the coolness under the open portico in front of the house.

Norah had the railway time-table in her hand. They had been discussing the chances of Mr. Vanstone's catching the return train, and getting back in good time. That topic had led them, next, to his business errand at Grailsea—an errand of kindness, as usual—undertaken for the benefit of the miller, who had been his old farm-servant, and who was now hard pressed by serious pecuniary difficulties. From this they had glided insensibly into a subject often repeated among them, and never exhausted by repetition—the praise of Mr. Vanstone himself. Each one of the three had some experience of her own to relate of his simple, generous nature. The conversation seemed to be almost painfully interesting to his wife. She was too near the time of her trial now not to feel nervously sensitive to the one subject which always held the foremost place in her heart. Her eyes overflowed as Magdalen joined the little group under the portico; her frail hand trembled as it signed to her youngest daughter to take the vacant chair by her side. "We were talking of your father," she said, softly. "Oh, my love, if your married life is only as happy—" Her voice failed her; she put her handkerchief hurriedly over her face, and rested her head on Magdalen's shoulder. Norah looked appealingly to Miss Garth, who at once led the conversation back to the more trivial subject of Mr. Vanstone's return. "We have all been wondering," she said, with a significant look at Magdalen, "whether your father will leave Grailsea in time to catch the train—or whether he will miss it, and be obliged to drive back. What do you say?"

"I say papa will miss the train," replied Magdalen, taking Miss Garth's hint with her customary quickness. "The last thing he attends to at Grailsea will be the business that brings him there. Whenever he has business to do he always puts it off to the last moment—doesn't he, mamma?"

The question roused her mother exactly as Magdalen had intended it should. "Not when his errand is an errand of kindness," said Mrs. Vanstone. "He has gone to help the miller in a very pressing difficulty—"

"And don't you know what he'll do?" persisted Magdalen. "He'll romp with the miller's children, and gossip with the mother, and hob-and-nob with the father. At the last moment, when he has got five minutes left to catch the train, he'll say, 'Let's go into the counting-house and look at the books.' He'll find the books dreadfully complicated; he'll suggest sending for an accountant; he'll settle the business off-hand by lending the money, in the mean time; he'll jog back comfortably in the miller's gig; and he'll tell us all how pleasant the lanes were in the cool of the evening."

The little character-sketch which these words drew was too faithful a likeness not to be recognized. Mrs. Vanstone showed her appreciation of it by a smile. "When your father returns," she said, "we will put your account of his proceedings to the test. I think," she continued, rising languidly from her chair, "I had better go indoors again now and rest on the sofa till he comes back."

The little group under the portico broke up. Magdalen slipped away into the garden to hear Frank's account of the interview with his father. The other three ladies entered the house together. When Mrs. Vanstone was comfortably established on the sofa Norah and Miss Garth left her to repose, and withdrew to the library to look over the last parcel of books from London.

It was a quiet, cloudless summer's day. The heat was tempered by a light western breeze; the voices of laborers at work in a field near reached the house cheerfully; the clock-bell of the village church, as it struck the quarters, floated down the wind with a clearer ring, a louder melody than usual. Sweet odors from field and flower-garden, stealing in at the open windows, filled the house with their fragrance; and the birds in Norah's aviary up stairs sang the song of their happiness exultingly in the sun.

As the church clock struck the quarter past four the morning-room door opened and Mrs. Vanstone crossed the hall alone. She had tried vainly to compose herself. She was too restless to lie still and sleep. For a moment she directed her steps toward the portico—then turned and looked about her, doubtful where to go or what to do next. While she was still hesitating the half-open door of her husband's study attracted her attention. The room seemed to be in sad confusion. Drawers were left open; coats and hats, account-books and papers, pipes and fishing-rods were all scattered about together. She went in and pushed the door to—but so gently that she still left it ajar. "It will amuse me to put his room to rights," she thought to herself. "I should like to do something for him before I am down on my bed helpless." She began to arrange his drawers, and found his banker's book lying open in one of them. "My poor dear, how careless he is! The servants might have seen all his affairs if I had not happened to have looked in." She set the drawers right, and then turned to the multifarious litter on a side-table. A little old-fashioned music-book appeared among the scattered papers, with her name written in it, in faded ink. She blushed like a young girl in the first happiness of the discovery. "How good he is to me! He remembers my poor old music-book, and keeps it for my sake." As she sat down by the table and opened the book the by-gone time came back to her in all its tenderness. The clock struck the half-hour, struck the three-quarters—and still she sat there, with the music-book on her lap, dreaming happily over the old songs; thinking gratefully of the golden days when his hand had turned the pages for her, when his voice had whispered the words which no woman's memory ever forgets.

Norah roused herself from the volume she was reading, and glanced at the clock on the library mantle-piece.

"If papa comes back by railway," she said, "he will be here in ten minutes."

Miss Garth started, and looked up drowsily from the book which was just dropping out of her hand.

"I don't think he will come by train," she replied. "He will jog back—as Magdalen flippantly expressed it—in the miller's gig."

As she said the words there was a knock at the library-door. The footman appeared and addressed himself to Miss Garth.

"A person wishes to see you, ma'am."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know, ma'am. A stranger to me—a respectable-looking man—and he said he particularly wished to see you."

Miss Garth went out into the hall. The footman closed the library-door after her, and withdrew down the kitchen stair.

The man stood just inside the door, on the mat. His eyes wandered, his face was pale—he looked ill; he looked frightened. He trifled nervously with his cap, and shifted it backward and forward, from one hand to the other.

"You wanted to see me?" said Miss Garth.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. You are not Mrs. Vanstone, are you?"

"Certainly not. I am Miss Garth. Why do you ask the question?"

"I am employed in the clerk's office at Grailsea Station—"

"Yes?"

"I am sent here—"

He stopped again. His wandering eyes looked down at the mat, and his restless hands wrung his cap harder and harder. He moistened his dry lips, and tried once more.

"I am sent here on a very serious errand."

"Serious to *me*?"

"Serious to all in this house."

Miss Garth took one step nearer to him—took one steady look at his face. She turned cold in the summer heat. "Stop!" she said, with a sudden distrust, and glanced aside anxiously at the door of the morning-room. It was safely closed. "Tell me the worst, and don't speak loud. There has been an accident. Where?"

"On the railway. Close to Grailsea Station."

"The up-train to London?"

"No: the down-train at one-fifty—"

"God Almighty help us! The train Mr. Vanstone traveled by to Grailsea?"

"The same. I was sent here by the up-train: the line was just cleared in time for it. They wouldn't write; they said I must see 'Miss Garth,' and tell her. There are seven passengers badly hurt, and two—"

The next word failed on his lips: he raised his hand in the dead silence. With eyes that opened wide in horror, he raised his hand and pointed over Miss Garth's shoulder.

She turned a little, and looked back.

Face to face with her, on the threshold of the study door, stood the mistress of the house. She held her old music-book clutched fast mechanically in both hands. She stood, the spectre of herself. With a dreadful vacancy in her eyes, with a dreadful stillness in her voice, she repeated the man's last words:

"Seven passengers badly hurt, and two—"

Her tortured fingers relaxed their hold; the book dropped from them; she sank forward heavily. Miss Garth caught her before she fell—caught her; and turned upon the man, with the wife's swooning body in her arms, to hear the husband's fate.

"The harm is done," she said: "you may speak out. Is he wounded, or dead?"

"Dead!"

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION.

We continue on page 252 our series of illustrations of the Burnside Expedition, from sketches by Mr. Angelo Wiser.

One of them represents the Explosion of the Rebel Magazine in Fort Dixie at Newbern. After about a dozen shots had been fired on each side, the magazine blew up and settled the fate of the battery.

Another illustrates the Precipitate Flight of the Rebels from Newbern after the fall of their batteries. All the chivalry made speedy tracks for the cars, which were in waiting to carry them off, and so great was their precipitation that, according to the report of eye-witnesses, many were drowned in the river which runs by the side of the railroad.

Another shows us the Removal of our Wounded from the field hospitals to the main hospital at Newbern. They were conveyed to the city in the steamer *Union*. The scene during their removal was very sad—the most affecting ever witnessed by most of the by-standers.

Another picture represents the Reception at Newbern of a Flag of Truce borne by fifty rebel cavalry, who came to look for their dead and wounded. They were escorted through the town by three companies of the Massachusetts Twenty-fourth, and were of course pretty freely discussed by our men. They were unsuccessful in their search.

The remarkable picture which seems to represent a water-spout is an illustration of the Removal of Obstructions placed in Pamlico Sound to prevent our approach to Washington. Our engineers had to blow them up—which was easily done, and the way was then clear.

The remaining picture represents Colonel Stevenson, of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, with Companies E and G of that regiment, Raising the Stars and Stripes in front of the Court-house at Washington, North Carolina. After the ceremony the people were warned that if the flag was not there when the regiment returned they would take vengeance on the town. The people looked on with apathy and apparent indifference.

OUR ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to the illustration of certain military movements which have taken place in Virginia. Little has been said respecting these movements in the newspapers of the North. Enough has appeared, however, in the Richmond papers, and in the published dispatches of our Generals, to justify us in publishing our illustrations. If we withhold the usual descriptive matter, the reader will readily understand and appreciate our motive.

On page 241 we illustrate the Embarkation of a Field Battery at Alexandria. A dispatch from Washington, authorized by the censor and published in the New York papers of last week, alluded to the embarkation of artillery at Alexandria for some point not mentioned. The scene is a striking one; the sketch, by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, is very spirited.

On page 244 we illustrate the Embarkation of Troops in Transports at Alexandria. We learn from the rebel papers published at Fredericksburg, Virginia, that large numbers of transports full of troops have lately been seen steaming down the Potomac. These are probably the transports which our artist saw at Alexandria, and which he sketched for us.

On page 245 we reproduce a sketch by an occasional correspondent at Fortress Monroe, representing our Troops encamped and moving among the Ruins of Hampton, Virginia. Several dispatches from Fortress Monroe, duly authorized by the censor, allude to our having troops in that locality, who would subsequently seem to have moved on Big Bethel and Yorktown. By the time these lines are printed the public may know more on the subject than is safe to print now. Meanwhile the encampment and military bustle in the ruins of the old town of Hampton are picturesque.

On page 244 we give a view of Norfolk.

Norfolk, as every one knows, is a port of entry on the Elizabeth River, eight miles above Hampton Roads, thirty-two miles from the ocean, and 106 miles by water from Richmond. The situation is low, and the city is not handsome; but the harbor is spacious, and the depth of water sufficient to admit vessels of all sizes. It was the site of one of the United States dock-yards, and many of our finest vessels of war were built there. On April 20 the rebels seized the Navy-yard, owing to the treachery or imbecility of some of our officers; we succeeded in burning some of the vessels and ship-houses, we saved the *Cumberland* and *Pawnee*, and we scuttled the *Merrimac*, which has since been raised by the rebels. Norfolk is defended by forts on Craney Island, Sewall's Point, and the vicinity.

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3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5,00 to 10,00 each
3000	" " "	3,00 to 5,00 each
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3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4,00 to 6,00 each
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A French View of the Rebellion.
[From Galignani's Messenger, Paris, March 10, 1862.]
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The world-renowned beauties of the Republican Court at Washington, as well as those of the Commercial Metropolis (New York), may well congratulate themselves upon having a person so competent to cater to their good taste as Mr. Mackenzie, and we trust his visits to our gay capital will now be periodically continued.

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JANUARY 1st, 1862.

Assets.

United States, 6 per cent Stock	$ 19,250 00	
New York State, 5 and 6 per cent. Stock	115,500 00	
New York City, 6 per cent. Stock	25,000 00	
Cash loaned on collateral	500 00	
" in hand and in Bank	10,846 76	
" in hands of Agents	8,035 93	
All other investments	54,401 36	
Office Furniture	494 17	
Interest accrued	315 00	
		$234,343 22

Liabilities.

Losses ascertained and unpaid	2,054 20	
All other claims	1,406 94	3,461 14
Net Assets		$230,882 08

⁂ Note.—The above statement shows the condition of the United States Branch alone. The total available Assets of the Company, including its English Securities, amount to

$4,793,822;

and this is entirely independent of the Life Business, which is a totally distinct Company.

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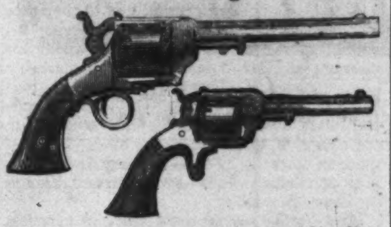

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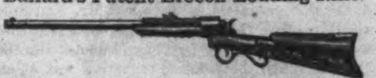

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